

JUMBO COMICS

No. 99
MAY
10¢



SHEENA, JUNGLE QUEEN, in
"SHRINE of the SEVEN SOULS"

Also Ghost Gallery - The Hawk
AND MANY OTHERS

The **SUPER 7** OF THE COMICS...



ON SALE - 25¢

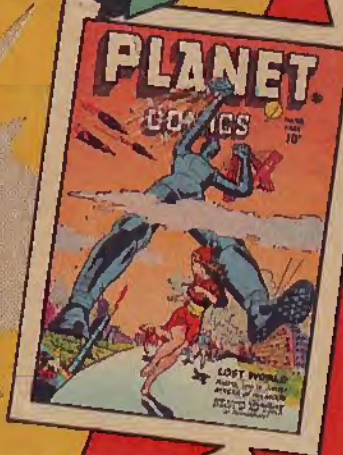


ON SALE - 1¢

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ON SALE - 1¢

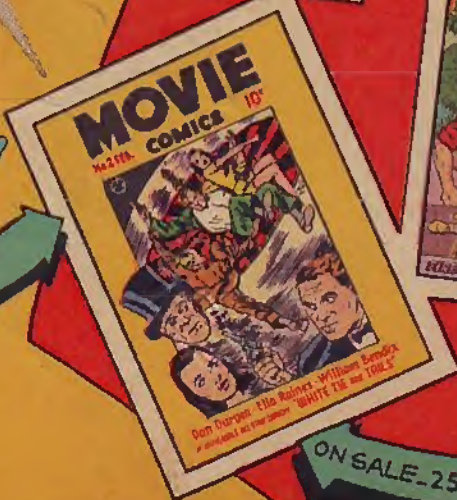
WHY
GUESS?
GET THE
BEST!



ON SALE - 25¢

NEW!

ACTUAL
SCREEN
THRILLERS
PRESENTED
IN AN
UNUSUAL
BOOK!
*Don't
miss it!*



ON SALE - 5¢

LOOK FOR THE
BULL'S-EYE!



ON SALE - 25¢

A
FICTION
HOUSE
MAGAZINE

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NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS (No. 100, JUNE) ON SALE A

SHEENA

Queen of the Jungle

BY W.
MORGAN
THOMAS

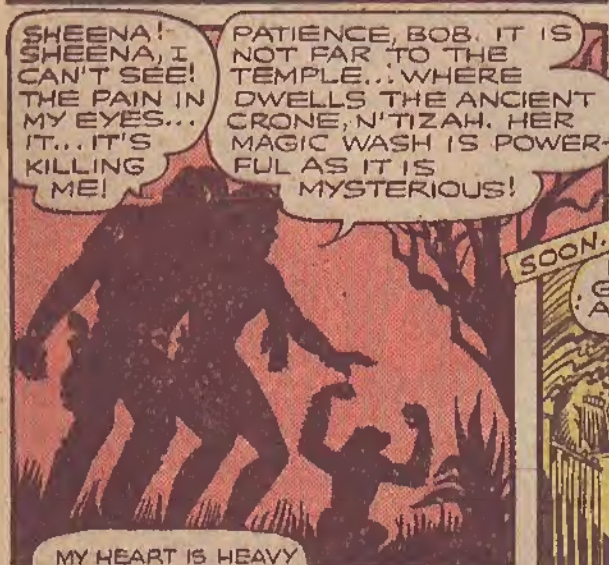
OMENACE SHROUDED THE AGE-CRUSTED TEMPLE, COLD AND BLACKENED WERE THE FIRES OF MAGIC POWER AND OMEN... AND THUS WOULD THEY REMAIN, SAID THE ORACLE, UNTIL THE HANDS OF SHEENA DRIPPED WITH THE RUNNING BLOOD OF A KILL-CRAZED MADMAN... WHO SAW THROUGH DISTORTED, GLITTERING

EYES... THE EYES OF A KILLER CAT!

GOSH! GOOD TO BE BACK, EH, SHEENA?

YES, BOB, BUT WHY NOT LET ME HELP YOU?





SOON...

N'TIZAH, THE GOLDEN ONE AND HER MATE APPROACH TEMPLE! THE MAN IS BLIND.

BLIND? THEY COME FOR THE MAGIC WASH. RELEASE OUR PET, QUICKLY!



AIEEE!

WE ARE AT THE TEMPLE, BOB... BUT WAIT!! A DEVIL CAT LEAPS AT US!



MEANWHILE...

DON'T USUALLY COME UP THIS FAR O' THE RIVER, MIGHTY BAD SECTION O' JUNGLE, MISSUS ADAMS.

YES, I KNOW, CAPTAIN. BUT NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP LIZZIE ADAMS FROM GOING WHAT SHE CAME UP HERE TO DO... NOTHING!

Y' STILL HAVEN'T TOLE ME WHATCHA WANT UP HERE, MA'AM.

I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN NAMED PANTHER. AND WHEN I FIND HIM, I'M GOING TO KILL HIM...
KILL HIM!

AS AHEAD...

WHEW! TALL ORDER FER A WOMAN! WHAT'D THIS MISTER PANTHER DO?

HAD CHARGE OF MY DEAD HUSBAND'S GOLD MINE, AND SOMEHOW BECAME BLIND. HE SWORE REVENGE. MY BROTHER CAME TO INVESTIGATE, SENT ME A CABLE FOR HELP!

HAH! REVENGE! OLD LADY ADAMS IS ON THE RIVERBOAT, JUST LIKE I PLANNED! WHAT'RE MY MEN DOING, RUNT? YOU KNOW I CAN'T SEE WELL IN THE DAY-TIME... WITH THESE BLASTED EYES!

THEY FILL RIVER WITH ROCKS, PANTHER.

GOOD! AND THE ANIMALS ARE READY. WHEN THE BOAT STOPS, WE ATTACK.

HERE IT COMES NOW, BWANA!

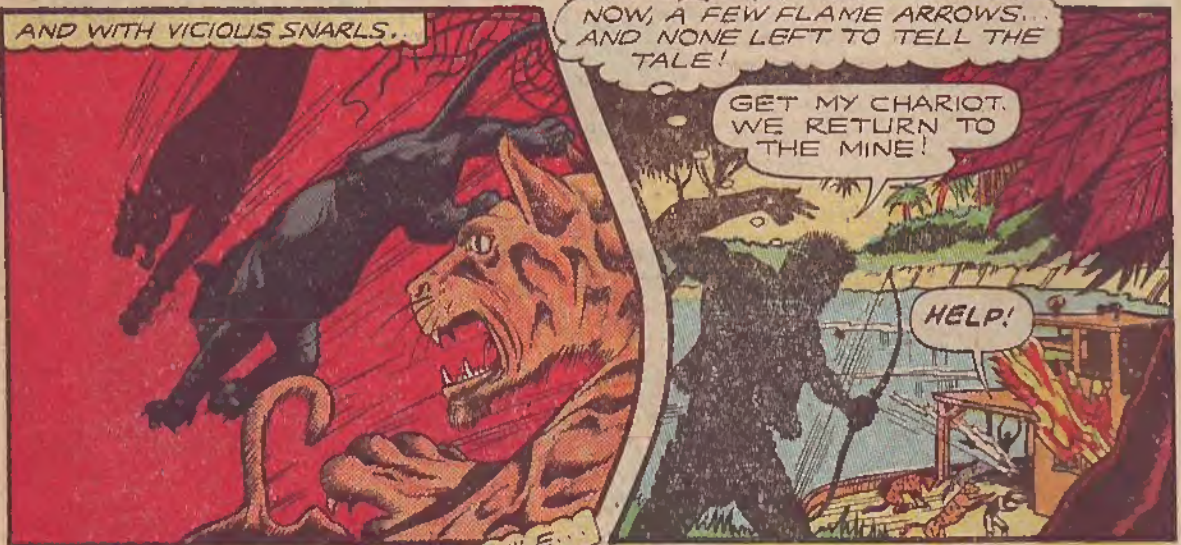
WON'T SHE BE SURPRISED WHEN SHE SEES MY EYES... LEOPARD EYES! REMEMBER, I WANT HER ALIVE!

READY! THE BOAT IS ON THE ROCKS! ATTACK! **ATTACK!**

HEY... WHAT THE? SWING 'ER HARD ASTERN!



AND WITH VICIOUS SNARLS...



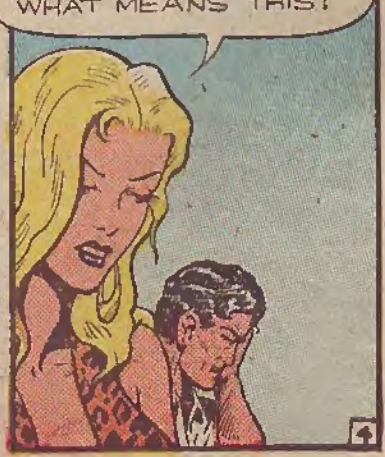
WHILE...

T'NATO WILL STAY AND SEE THAT NONE REMAIN ALIVE. YOU, MRS. ADAMS, WILL JOIN YOUR BROTHER!

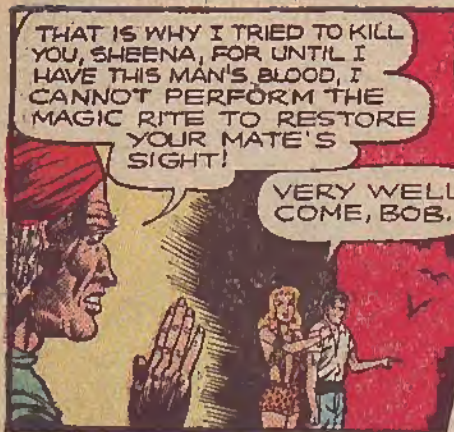
GOOD HEAVENS, SHEENA. WHAT HAPPENED?

A BEAST... EASY PREY FOR SHEENA'S BLADE... TOO EASY!

WAIT!! THIS CAT IS BLIND! IT HAS NO EYES! COME, BOB, WE WILL ENTER THE TEMPLE, AND FIND OUT WHAT MEANS THIS!







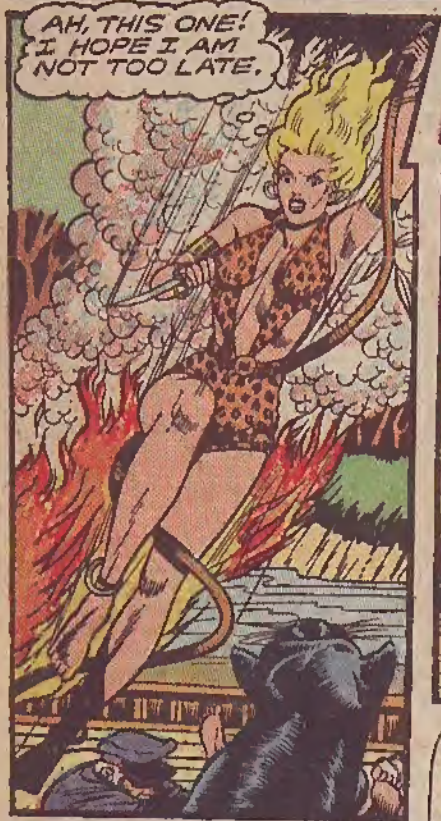
THAT IS WHY I TRIED TO KILL YOU, SHEENA, FOR UNTIL I HAVE THIS MAN'S BLOOD, I CANNOT PERFORM THE MAGIC RITE TO RESTORE YOUR MATE'S SIGHT!

VERY WELL. COME, BOB.

BEWARE! BEWARE... FOR HE IS BOTH VICIOUS AND DANGEROUS!

SOON... A RIVER-BOAT...AND BEASTS ATTACKING THE CREW! STAY, BOB, SHEENA MUST HELP!

NO MATTER. HE MUST BE FOUND AND THE OMEN FULFILLED.



AH, THIS ONE! I HOPE I AM NOT TOO LATE.



YOU WILL NOT FIND SHEENA HALF DEAD, BLACK ONE!

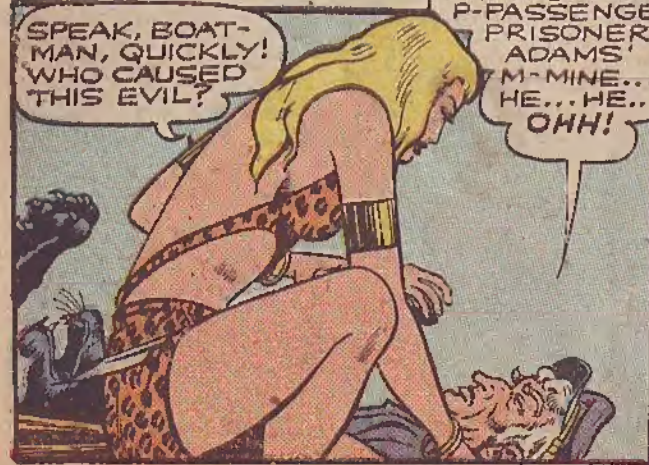
HURRY! THAT'S THE L-LAST OF 'EM... REST B-BURNED I...I...



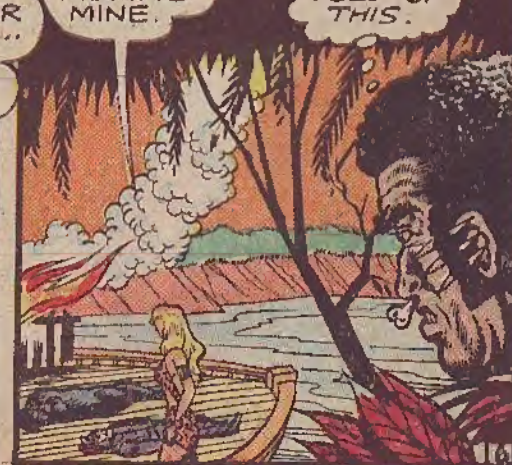
MAN C-CALLED P-PANTHER... HAS LEOPARD EYES... TOOK MY WOMAN P-PASSENGER PRISONER... ADAMS' M-MINE... HE... HE... OHH!

DEAD! AFTER I BURY THEM, I SHALL TREK TO THIS ADAMS' MINE.

WAH! BWANA PANTHER MUST BE TOLD OF THIS.

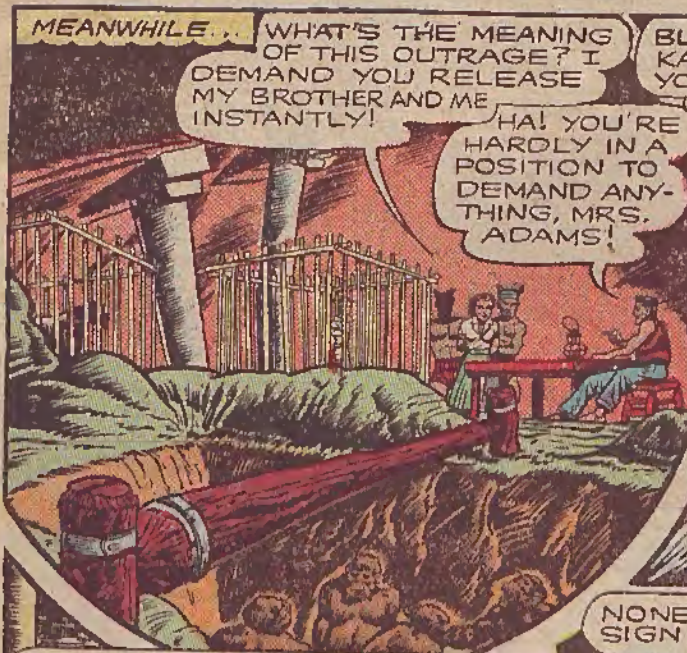


SPEAK, BOAT-MAN, QUICKLY! WHO CAUSED THIS EVIL?



DEAD! AFTER I BURY THEM, I SHALL TREK TO THIS ADAMS' MINE.

WAH! BWANA PANTHER MUST BE TOLD OF THIS.



MEANWHILE... WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE? I DEMAND YOU RELEASE MY BROTHER AND ME INSTANTLY!

HA! YOU'RE HARDLY IN A POSITION TO DEMAND ANYTHING, MRS. ADAMS!

BUT YOU DO RECALL WHO I AM? KARL PANTHER... HIRED BY YOUR HUSBAND AS MINE FOREMAN.

YES, YES, MY HUSBAND WAS KILLED DOWN HERE MYSTERIOUSLY. Y-YOU MURDERED HIM, PANTHER!

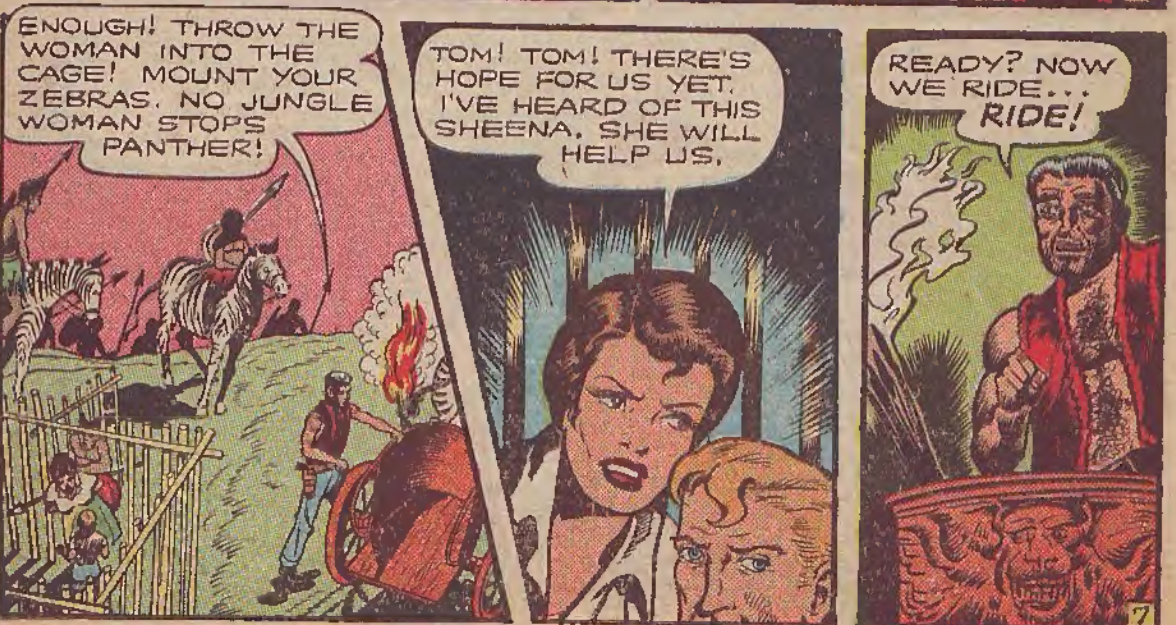
NONE OF YOUR THREATS! YOU'LL SIGN... WHAT! T'KULA...?



RIGHT AGAIN! AND LATER, I WAS BLASTING BELOW THE GOLD LEVEL AND FOUND DIAMONDS, BUT ONE OF THE CHARGES BLASTED MY EYES OUT!

Y-YOU GREED-FILLED KILLER... I...

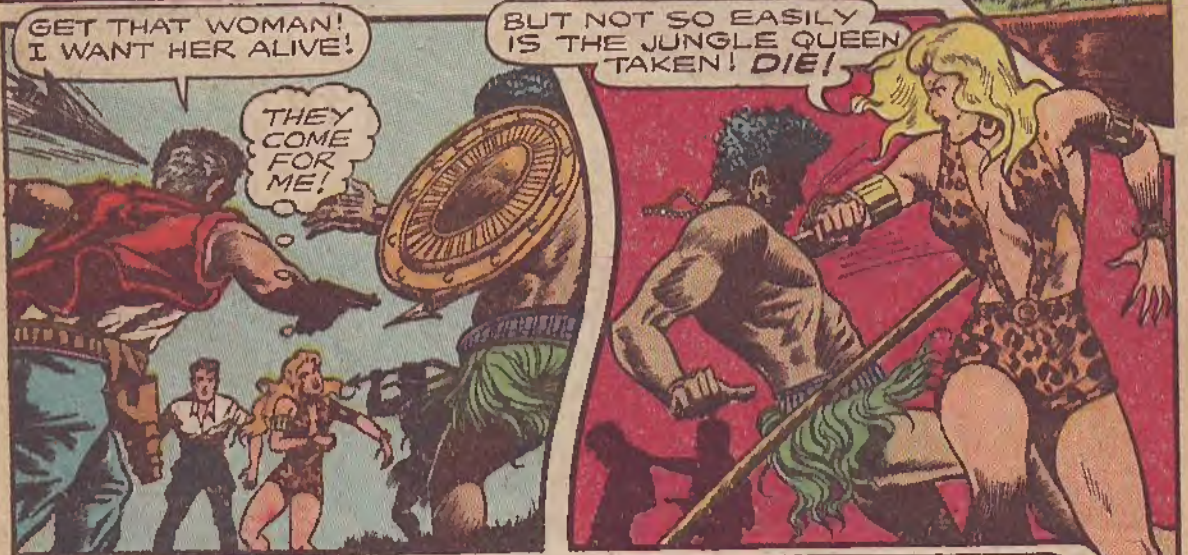
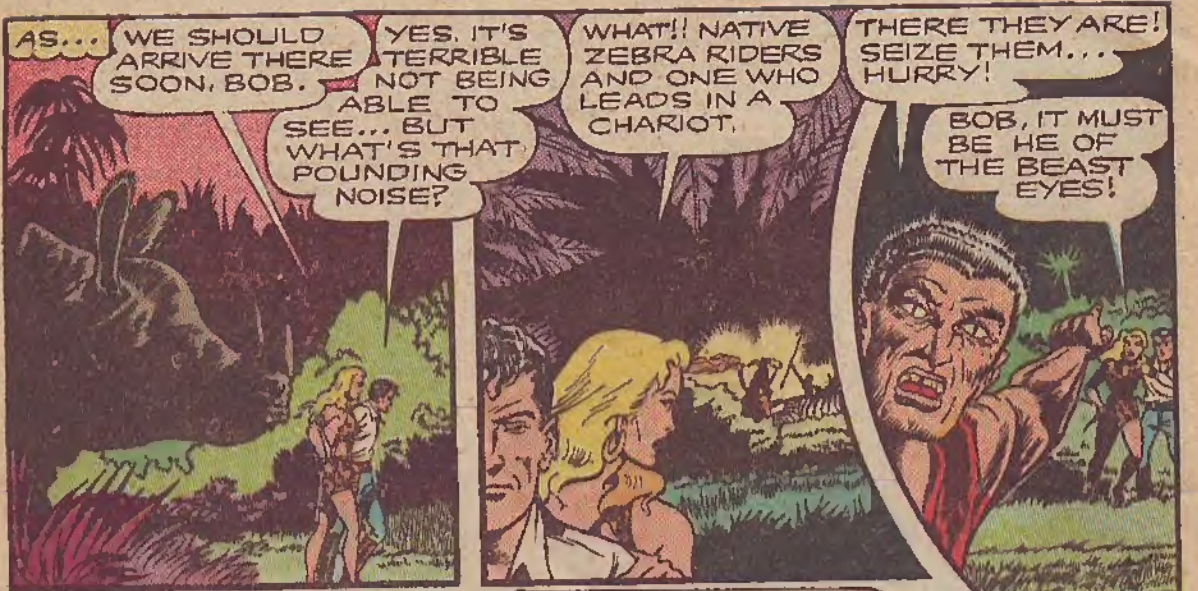
BWANA PANTHER... THE GOLDEN ONE CALLED SHEENA TREKS HERE, AND GREAT IS HER WRATH!



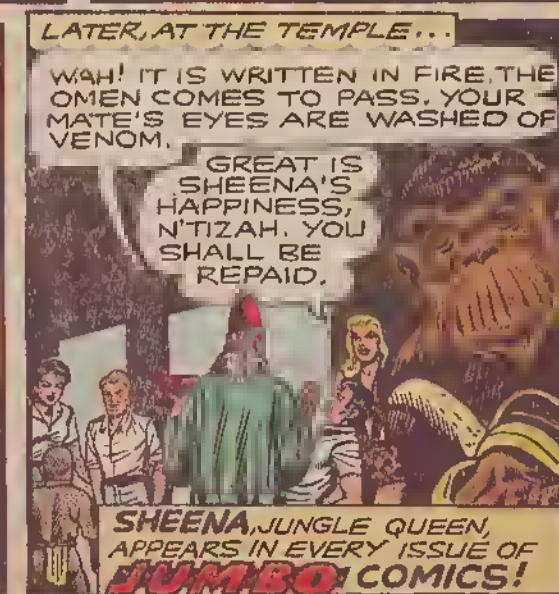
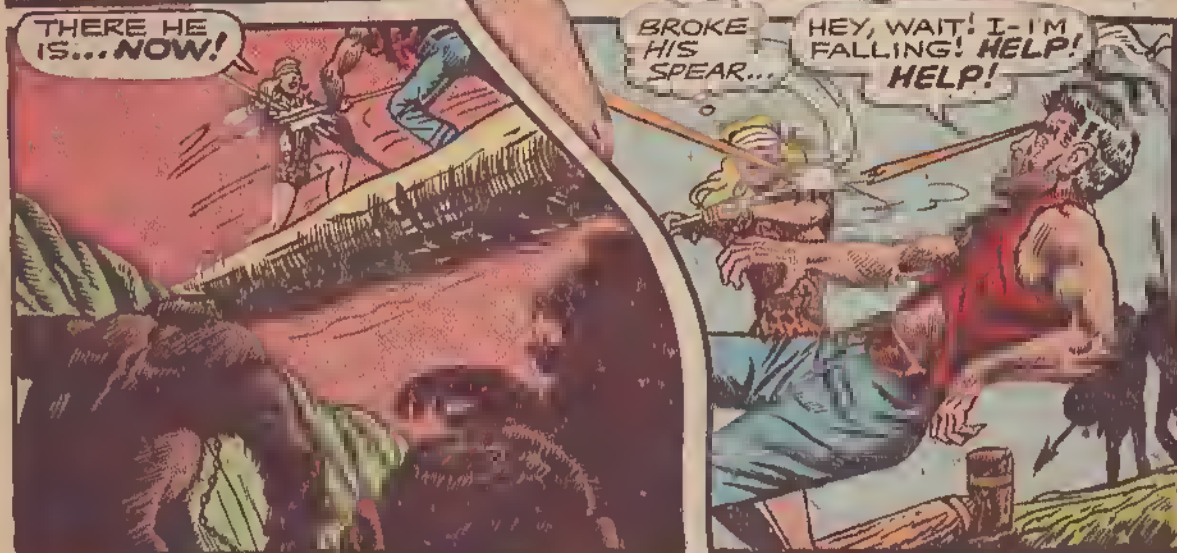
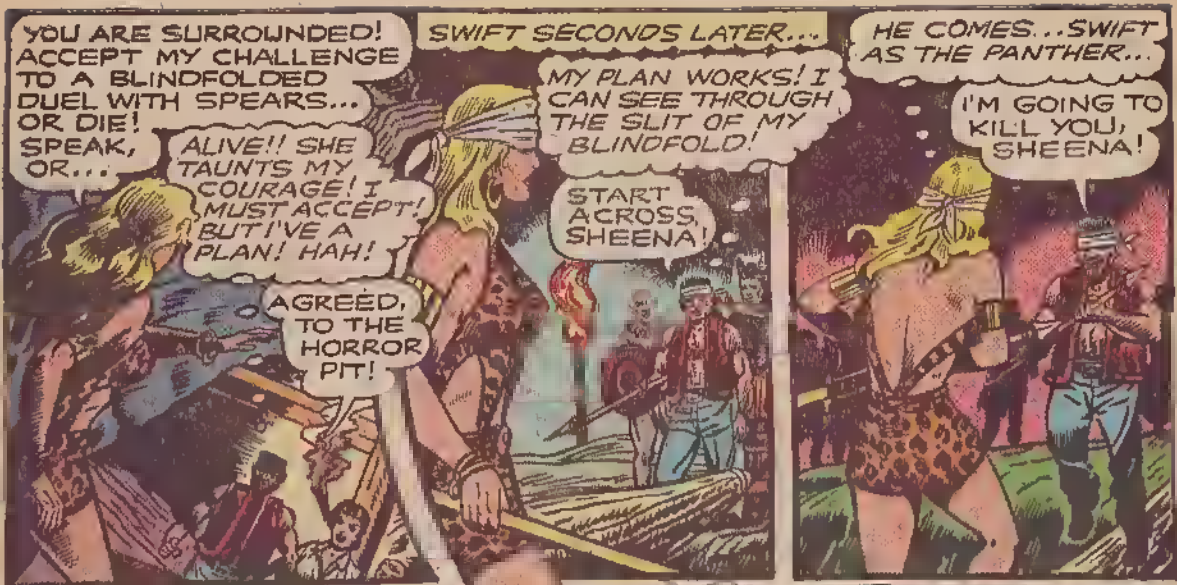
ENOUGH! THROW THE WOMAN INTO THE CAGE! MOUNT YOUR ZEBRAS. NO JUNGLE WOMAN STOPS PANTHER!

TOM! TOM! THERE'S HOPE FOR US YET. I'VE HEARD OF THIS SHEENA. SHE WILL HELP US.

READY? NOW WE RIDE... RIDE!







The Hawk

by WILLIS RENSIE

THROUGH SIN-STAINED WATERS
A HELL SHIP CAME, HER COURSE
WELL PLOTTED BY THE DEVIL
HIMSELF... AND AN ILL WIND
FILLED THE SCARLETT'S SAILS,
SENT HAWK'S GALLANT SHIP
HURTLING INTO THE BLOOD-
STAINED WAKE OF A SLAVER!

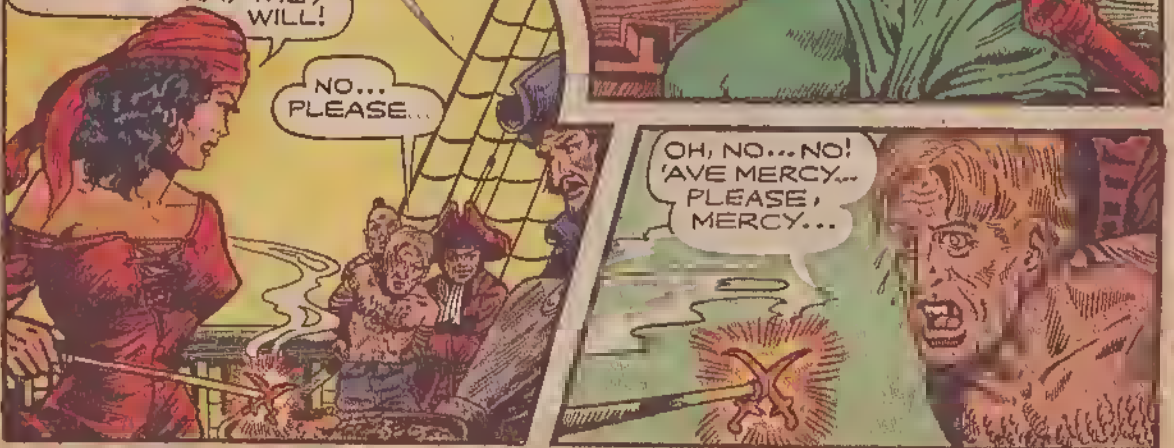


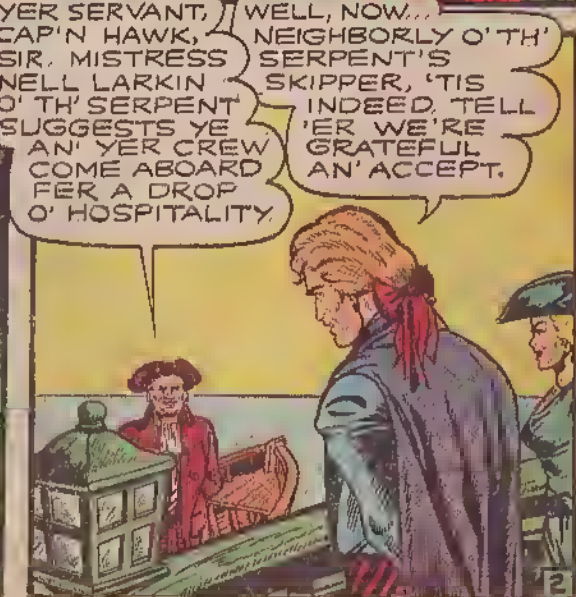
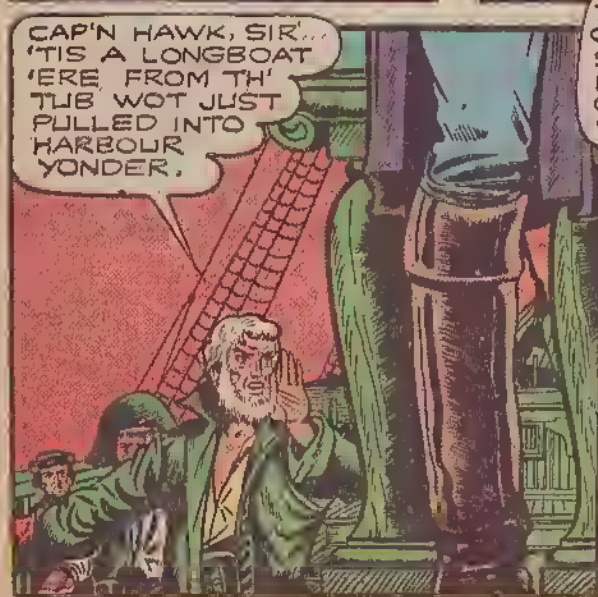
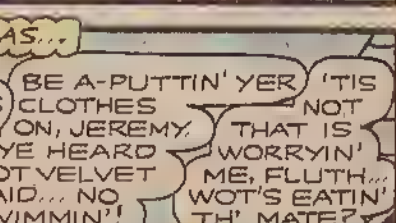
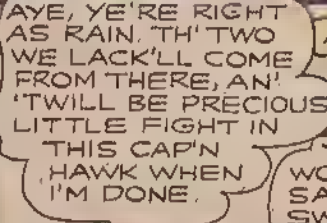
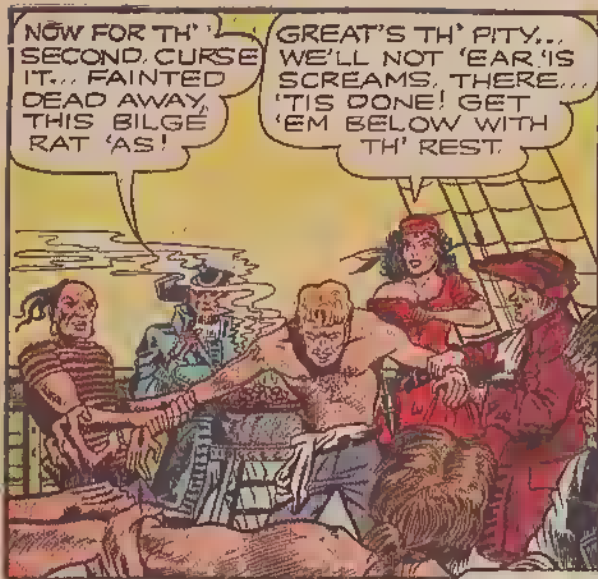
'ERE'S TH' LAST O' TH' SCUM
WE CAPTURED, NELL.

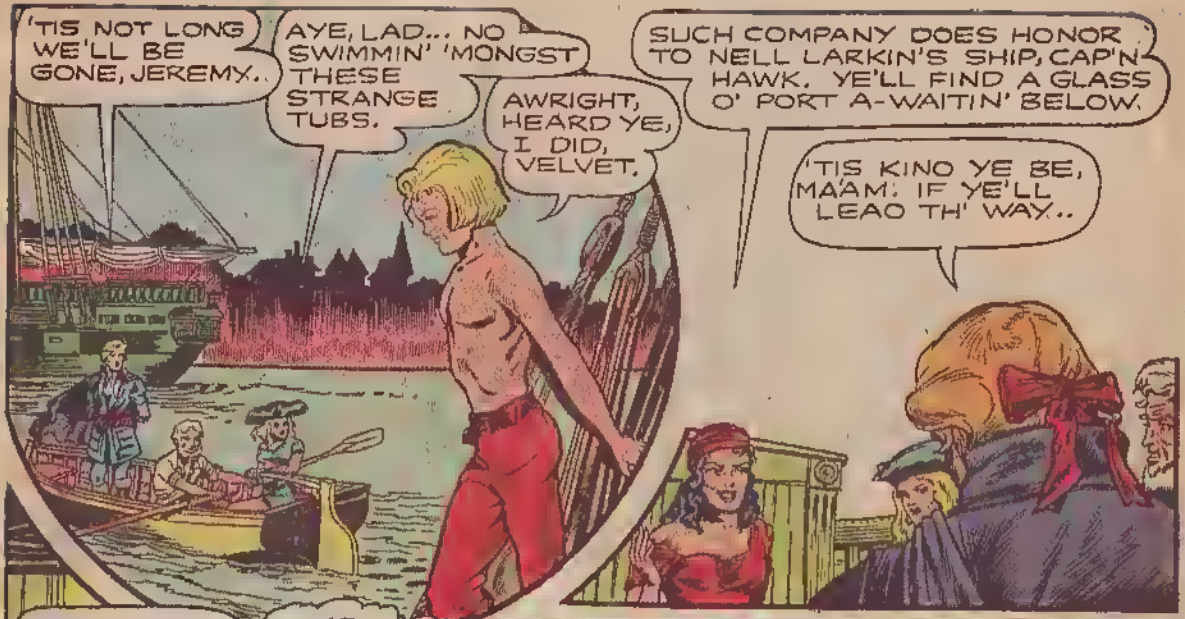
BRING 'EM ALONG...
WEAR TH' MARK O'
SELIM PASHA, THEY
WILL!

NO...
PLEASE...

OH, NO... NO!
'AVE MERCY...
PLEASE,
MERCY...







'TIS NOT LONG
WE'LL BE
GONE, JEREMY.

AYE, LAD... NO
SWIMMIN' 'MONGST
THESE
STRANGE
TUBS.

AWRIGHT,
HEARD YE,
I DID,
VELVET.

SUCH COMPANY DOES HONOR
TO NELL LARKIN'S SHIP, CAP'N
HAWK. YE'LL FIND A GLASS
O' PORT A-WAITIN' BELOW.

'TIS KINO YE BE,
MAAM. IF YE'LL
LEAO TH' WAY...

NOT OFTEN
WE 'AS SUCH
A RATION,
EH, CALEB?

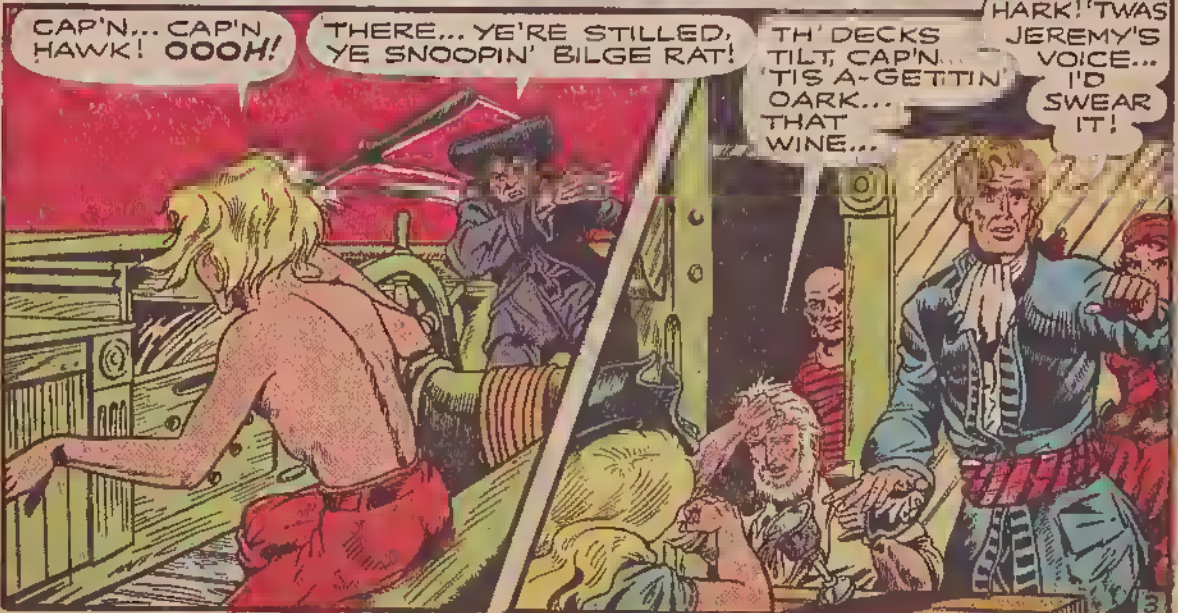
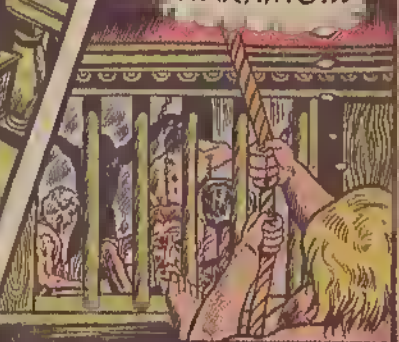
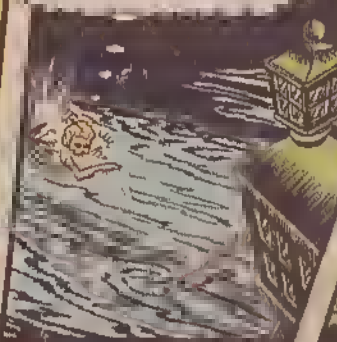
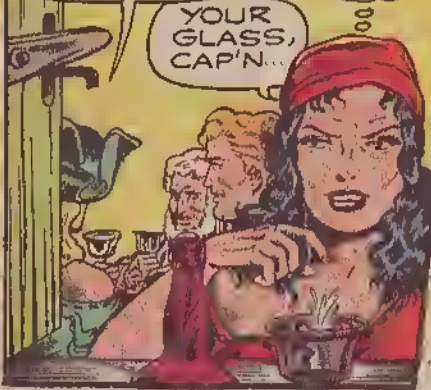
IT IS A
DIFFERENT
RATION
INDEED...

YOUR
GLASS,
CAP'N...

AS...

A STRANGE TUB...
I'LL BE A-HAVIN'
A LOOK... AH...
THAT LINE...

METHUSALAH... 'TIS
A SLAVER... AN' TH'
HAWK AN' VELVET
AN' CALEB ARE
ABOARD... A
WARNING...

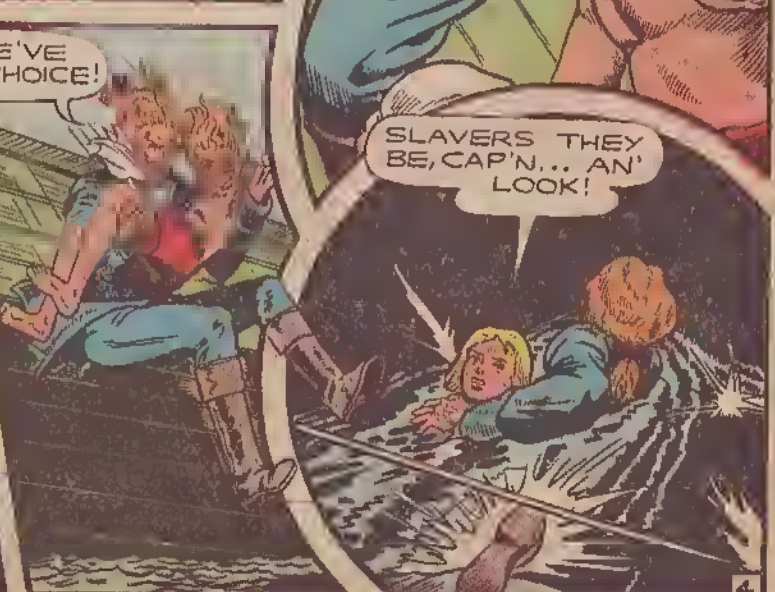
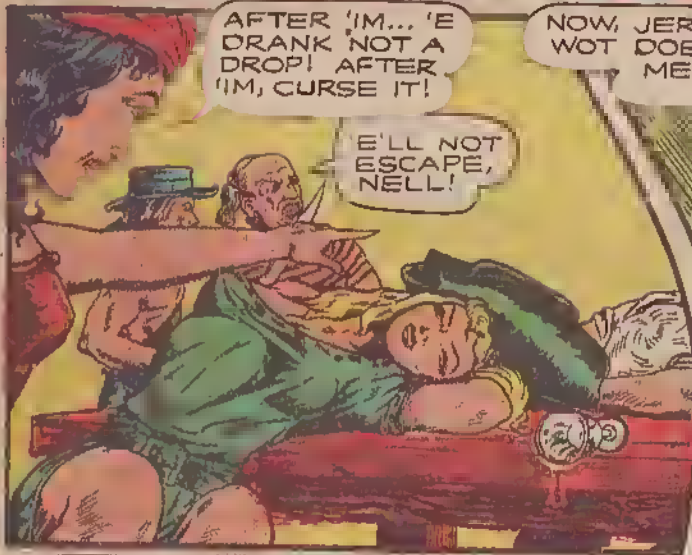


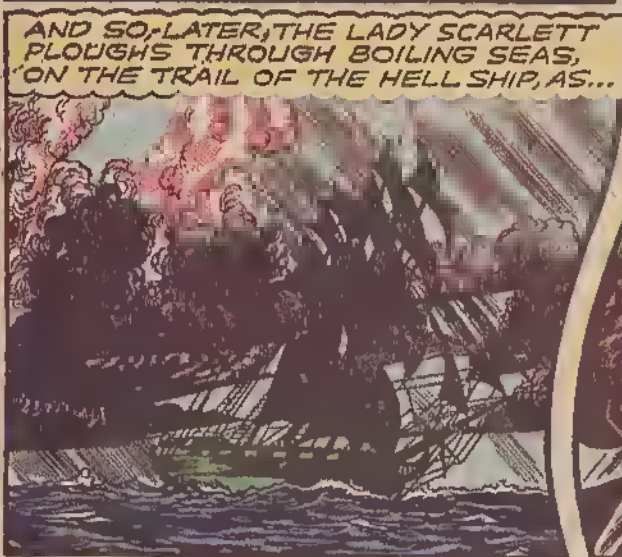
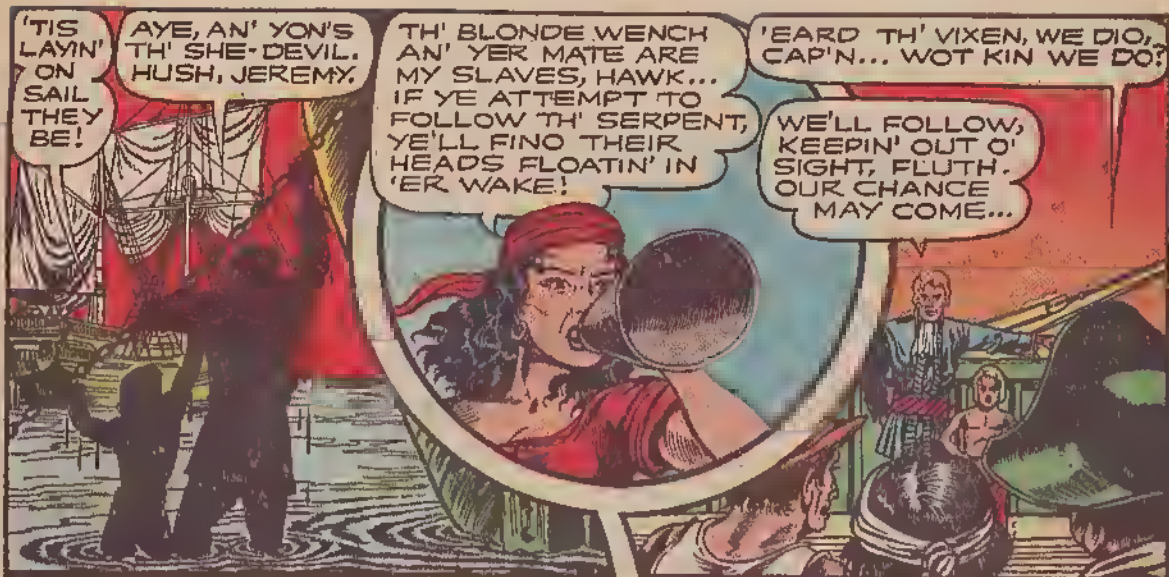
CAP'N... CAP'N
HAWK! OOOH!

THERE... YE'RE STILLED;
YE SNOOPIN' BILGE RAT!

TH' DECKS
TILT, CAP'N...
'TIS A-GETTIN'
OARK...
THAT
WINE...

HARK! 'TIS
JEREMY'S
VOICE...
I'D
SWEAR
IT!





THE STORM THAT BUFFETS HAWK'S VALIANT LADY SCARLETT, TILTS THE DECKS OF A STRANGE CRAFT... A GALLEY FROM AN EASTERN LAND...



A THOUSAND CURSES! AN ILL OMEN TO OUR MEETING WITH THE ENGLISH WOMAN, NELL LARKIN!

TRUE AS THE PROPHET'S OWN WORDS, SELIM PASHA! I FEAR WE SHALL NEVER REACH THE COVE OF CORPSES!

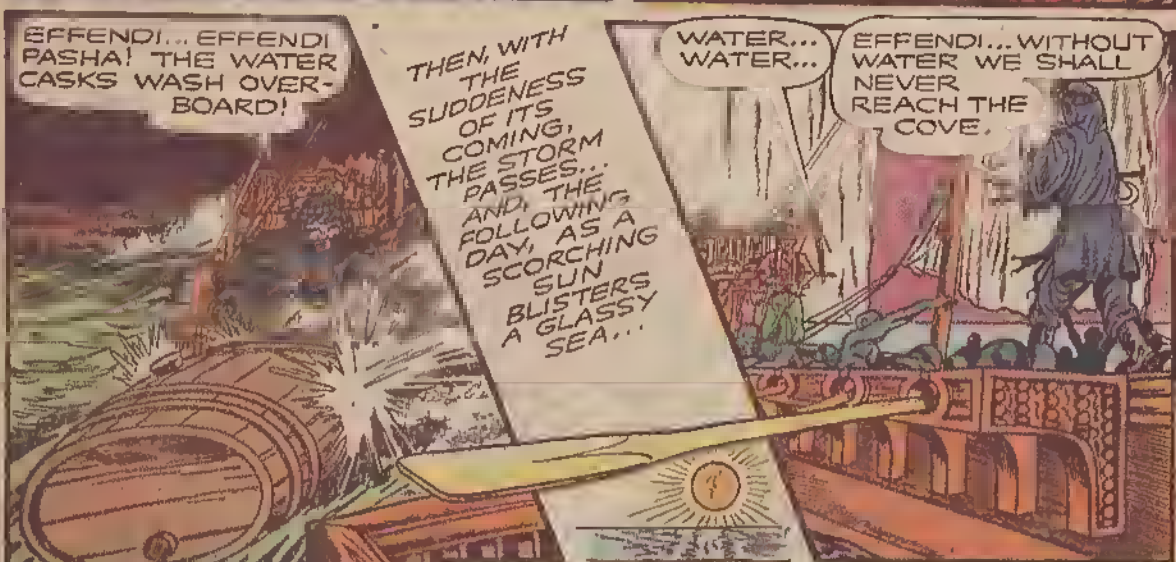


EFFENDI... EFFENDI PASHA! THE WATER CASKS WASH OVER-BOARD!

THEN, WITH THE SUDDENNESS OF ITS COMING, THE STORM PASSES... AND, THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS A SCORCHING SUN BLISTERS A GLASSY SEA...

WATER... WATER...

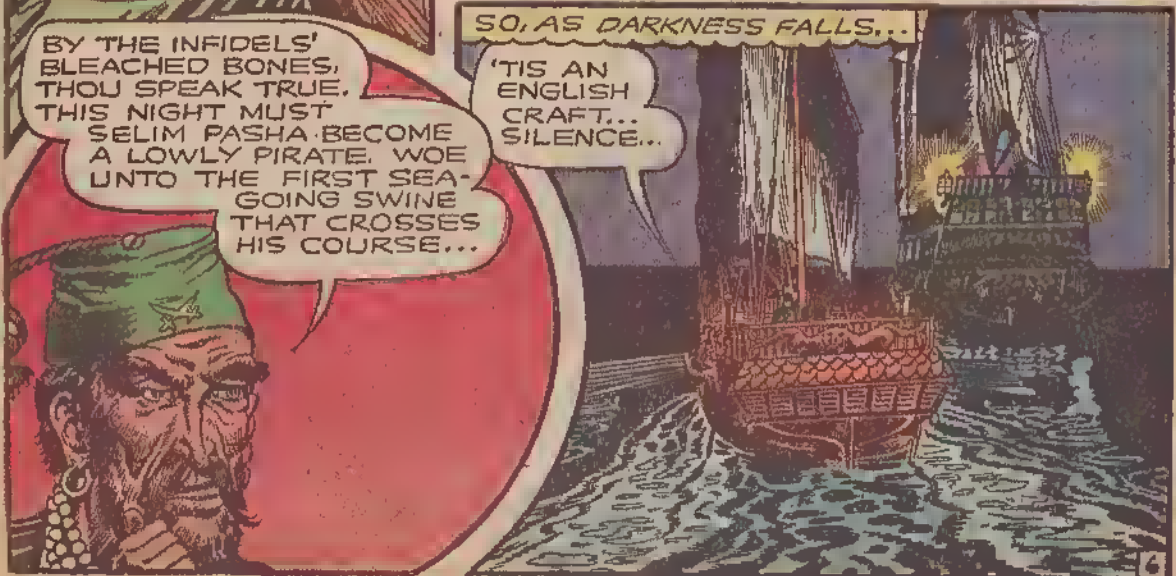
EFFENDI... WITHOUT WATER WE SHALL NEVER REACH THE COVE.



BY 'THE INFIDELS' BLEACHED BONES, THOU SPEAK TRUE. THIS NIGHT MUST SELIM PASHA BECOME A LOWLY PIRATE. WOE UNTO THE FIRST SEA-GOING SWINE THAT CROSSES HIS COURSE...

SO, AS DARKNESS FALLS...

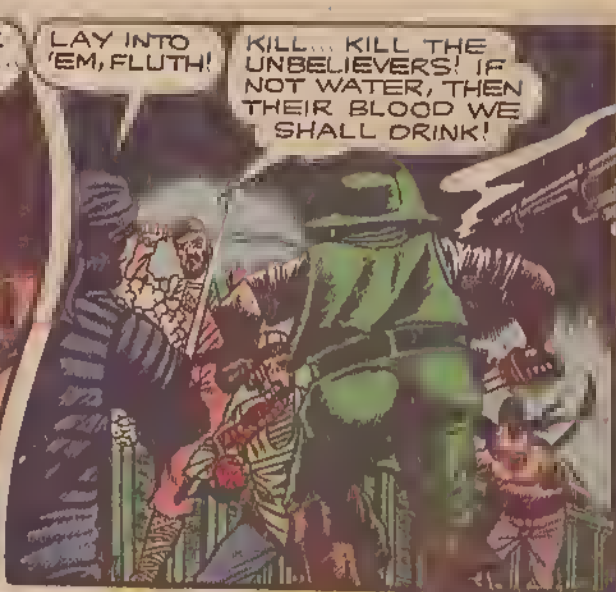
'TIS AN ENGLISH CRAFT... SILENCE...





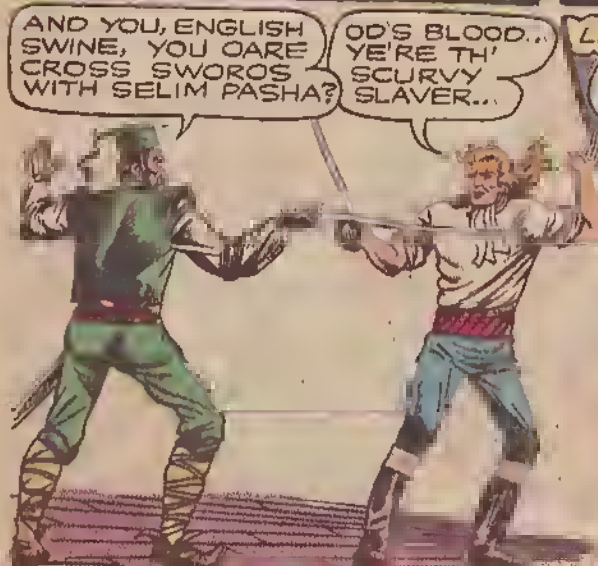
AVAST... AVAST,
ALL ABOARD!
'TIS A PIRATE
THAT ATTACKS!

FOLLOW YOUR
MASTER, DOGS...
ONTO THE
STINKING
CRAFT!



LAY INTO
'EM, FLUTH!

KILL... KILL THE
UNBELIEVERS! IF
NOT WATER, THEN
THEIR BLOOD WE
SHALL DRINK!



AND YOU, ENGLISH
SWINE, YOU OARE
CROSS SWOROS
WITH SELIM PASHA?

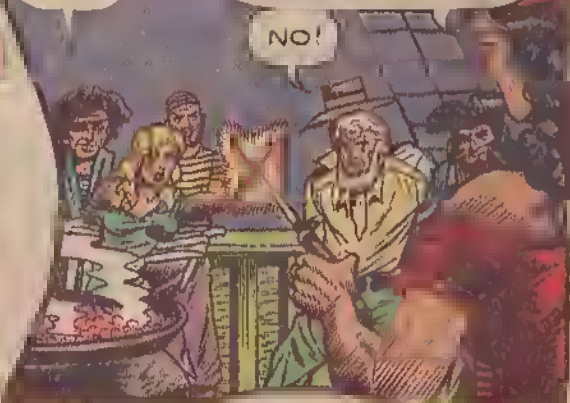
OD'S BLOOD...
YE'RE TH'
SCURVY
SLAVER...

LATER, ABOARD THE SERPENT...

'ERE
THEY
BE,
NELL!

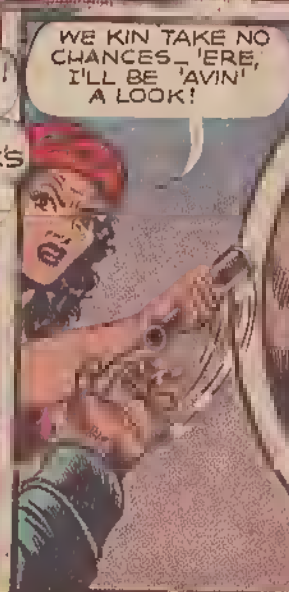
THEY'LL WEAR TH' MARK
O' SELIM PASHA WHILE
WE WAITS FER 'IM! TH'
WENCH FIRST...

NO!



OH, NO,
PLEASE...
HAVE
MERCY!

AVAST,
NELL, WAIT!
'TIS A
SHIP A-
COMIN',
TH' TURKS
RIGHT
ENOUGH!



WE KIN TAKE NO
CHANCES - 'ERE,
I'LL BE 'AVIN'
A LOOK!



AYE, 'TIS
PASHA'S
GALLEY...
'E'LL WANT
TO BRAND
'EM 'IMSELF!



CURSE YOU, UNBELIEVER. FOLLOWERS OF NELL LARKIN SHALL DRINK THY BLOOD.

SEE SOON ENOUGH, WE WILL. STOW TH' WINDJAMMIN', ME BULLET'S ITCHIN' FOR YER EVIL HEART!



READY, SKIPPER... PULLIN' ALONGSIDE WE BE!

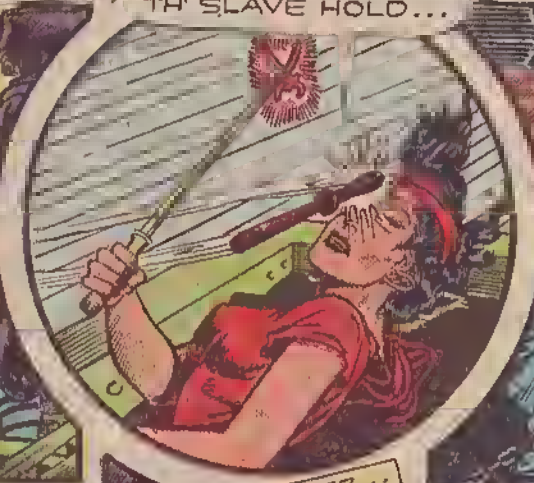
AYE... STRIKE QUICKLY, ME LADS, AFORE TH' TIDE SHIFTS!



'TIS A TRICK... TH' HAWK!

'ERE'S 'IS MESSAGE, YE BILGE RAT!

INTO THEM... OOOH! TH' SLAVE HOLD...



THE SHE-DEVIL...

OUR DEBT MUST BE PAID, MY BROTHER.



ROUND UP TH' REST O' TH' SCUM, FLUTH.

'TIS DONE, SIR.

LATER...

SO NELL LARKIN DIED AT TH' HANDS O' TH' POOR BRANDED BLOKES... 'TWOULD SEEM A DEBT IS OWED THEM FOR TH' CHORE...

WELL, SKIPPER, WE KIN BUT TELL THEM TO SAIL 'ERS AN' PASHA'S SHIPS TO PORT. IF THEY DON'T, WELL...

YON'S TH' SCARLETT... 'T'WILL BE GOOD TO BOARD 'ER AGAIN...



NEW ADVENTURES OF THE HAWK EVERY MONTH IN

JUMBO COMICS



JUMBO JABBER

Something on your mind? If so, get it on paper and send it along. This page is your chance to help us set our sights on target perfection. All suggestions will be gratefully received and carefully considered. — THE EDITOR.

Dear Editor:

Jumbo Comics is to me the best comic book in the world. I'm twenty three years old and have been reading it ever since it has been out. ZX-5 and Ghost Gallery are my favorites.

Andrew Daniel, Jr.
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Editor:

I like ZX-5 cause I like detective stories, but I'm getting tired of that cane that does everything but cook. Leave Sheena, Hawk and Sky Girl alone—they're swell. The next time the time machine goes haywire I hope Stuart Taylor is far from Jumbo—and can't get back. Don't get me wrong, though, I still like Jumbo and will continue to buy. I realize that you can't please everybody.

Mickey Fagan
South Boston, Mass.

Dear Editor:

I never thought that reading a comic book would help me in school, but that was before I found out about Stuart Taylor. It's a real treat now to meet the characters I study in history in this swell strip. Keep up the good work.

Willard Talon
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Editor:

If I were editor of your magazine, I'd make the following changes . . . Sheena—KEEP. ZX-5—OUT. The Hawk—KEEP. Story—OUT. Sky Girl—KEEP. Stuart Taylor—OUT. Ghost Gallery—use pages I've cut out to make this story longer. Heed my words of wisdom and you'll sell more books . . . disregard them and you're crazy.

Peanuts Mulligan

Albany, N. Y.

How about it, gang? Is friend Peanut right? What would YOU do if you were editor?—The Editor.

Dear Editor:

I think Jumbo is really swell. I have been reading it for several years and it gets better every issue. Sky Girl to me is tops. Ginge is better than

most motion picture heroines you see today. I wish the artist of ZX-5 would have a little more imagination but all in all it's a swell book and I am always waiting at the drug store for my copy to come in.

Francis Owynne
Columbia, Missouri

Dear Editor:

I dare you to print this, you rats, you! I guess I'm wasting my time and ink, but I want to let you know your comic is awful. The stories and art couldn't be worse if you tried. Med? Go ahead and rip it up then, yellow bollices!

Al Myers
Sidney, Ohio

Dear Editor:

Jumbo is good but, I believe, it can be improved. Why not give Stu Taylor a one way ticket next time he takes off to Never-Never Land and substitute a good cowboy story? The other features are fine and I exclaim: for Sheena "Alee!", for The Hawk "Odds Blood!", an admiring "Brr!" for "Ghost Gallery" and "Woo! Wool!" for Ginge.

Pete Charwick,
Carson City, Nevada

Dear Editor:

Your book is right on the ball, but there is something bothering me. What is the real name of ZX-5? He is my favorite and I'd enjoy him more if I knew his name. Also why should Sheena and Bob ALWAYS be in the printed story? I sure wish you would write one about ZX-5 once in a while.

Buddy Kuehnle
Natchez, Miss.

Dear Editor:

Perhaps the rest of your readers won't agree, but the feature I like best is Hateful Herman, the new one page strip. But how can it be so good and the other one pager, Patsy Pinup, so awful? I sincerely think you should give Patsy back to the Indians!

Harriet O'Sullivan
Teanock, N. J.

Dear Editor:

I rate your features in the following order: (1) Sheena (2) Ghost Gallery (3) Stuart Taylor (4) The Hawk (5) Sky Girl (6) ZX-5 (7) Hateful Herman (8) Patsy Pinup and last—but not the fiction story. This is my only complaint. The comics are all swell but that story—ooooohhi

Sal Gigante
New York City

ZX-5

BY
MAJOR
THORPE

ELEVATOR SHAFT

"I'M SUPPOSED TO HAVE A PRETTY GOOD REP AS A PRIVATE EYE... BUT LATELY I'D BEEN GIVEN THE GO-BY, AND THE JINGLE OF COINS IN MY JEANS WAS SORT OF MUTED, SO IT WAS, ONE DAY..."

WHY WAS I SAP ENOUGH TO EVER GET MIXED UP IN THIS GUMSHOE RACKET? MAYBE I SHOULD... WAIT, THAT SHADOW...

COME IN...
COME IN!

GOOD MORNING, ZX. MY NAME IS MARK, AND I REPRESENT A GROUP OF JEWELERS WHO NEED YOUR HELP. LATELY THE MARKET'S BEEN FLOODED WITH DIAMONDS, AND...

SORRY, IT'S A LITTLE OUT OF MY LINE... OH, EXCUSE ME... THE PHONE.

RING!

YOUR BILL IS OVERDUE, SIR. WE SHALL BE FORCED TO DISCONTINUE YOUR TELEPHONE SERVICE UNLESS...

HMM... MR. MARK, I'LL TAKE THE CASE FOR A FIVE HUNDRED RETAINER!

FINE! AND AS FOR LEADS...

"ALL I HAD TO GO ON WAS THAT THIS ONE SHOP WAS RUINING THE MARKET BY CUTTING PRICES... SO..."

HMM... REASONABLE FOR SUCH A LARGE DIAMOND. HOW CAN YOU DO IT?

HUH?... OH, WE MANAGE TO SELL IN QUANTITY. BY THE WAY, SIR, WE'RE PAYING DOUBLE THE PRICE FOR AMETHYSTS.

THANKS, I'LL KEEP THAT IN MIND.

MINUTES LATER...

AMETHYSTS? DOUBLE PRICE? I SMELL A CLUE!

THAT TRAY OF AMETHYSTS MUST BE WORTH MILLIONS, EH, LIL?

HEY, THAT'S ZX! HE'D BETTER NOT CRAB MY ACT!

JUST DON'T GET ANY IDEAS, BIG BOY. REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO PHIL.

OKAY, OKAY... GET OFF YOUR HIGH HORSE. I JUST ASKED A SIMPLE QUESTION. MAKE SURE IT'S ONLY A QUESTION. HERE, POP, TAKE THIS TO THE LABORATORY.

SEE YUH LATER...

"PSYCHIC HUNCH... OR WHAT HAVE YOU... BUT I WAS GLAD I HAD PLANTED MYSELF ACROSS THE STREET, FOR..."

OH-OH... THERE'S THE THUG... PULLING A ROD ON THE DELIVERY MAN!

TAKE IT, POP... AND I'LL TAKE THIS!

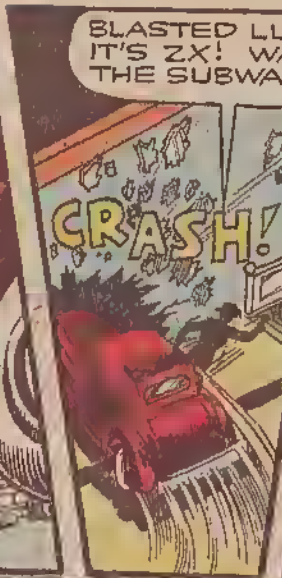
PLUGGED HIM! I'LL NAB HIM BEFORE HE GETS CLEAR!

AHHH!

TOO LATE! HE'S GETTING AWAY! ONLY ONE CHANCE... MY CANE...

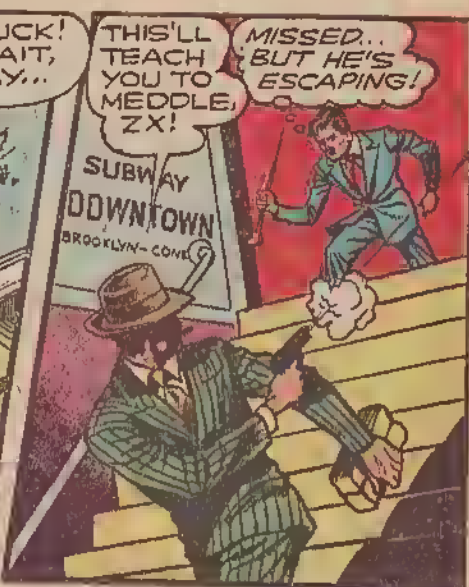


...THERE! GOT THE TIRE! HE'S SWERVING... GOING TO CRASH!



CRASH!

BLASTED LUCK! IT'S ZX! WAIT, THE SUBWAY...



THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO MEDDLE, ZX!

MISSED... BUT HE'S ESCAPING!

SUBWAY DOWNTOWN BROOKLYN-CONE



LUCKY FOR ME HE'S A BUM SHOT! THAT NOISE! LOOK OUT! A TRAIN'S COMING!



NO!! NO!! AH!!!

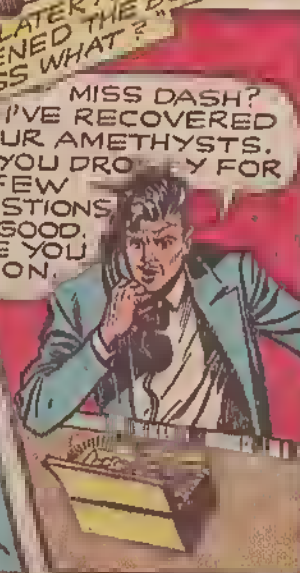
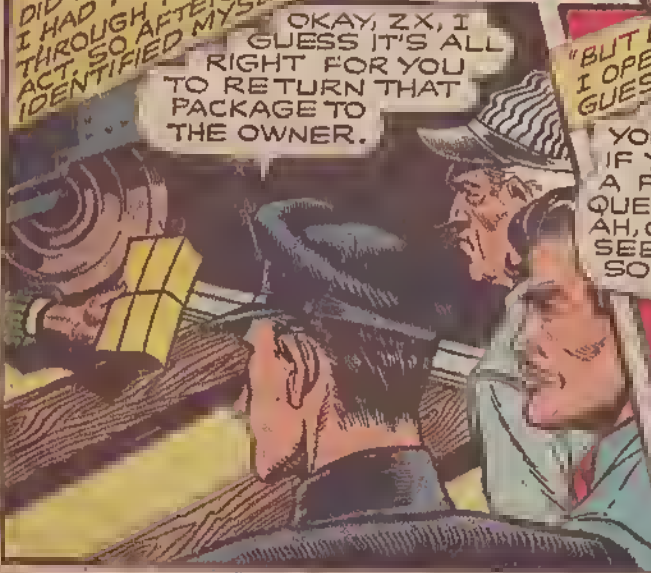
"BRR... MY STOMACH DID FLIP-FLOPS, BUT I HAD TO PLAY THIS THROUGH TO THE LAST ACT, SO AFTER I IDENTIFIED MYSELF..."

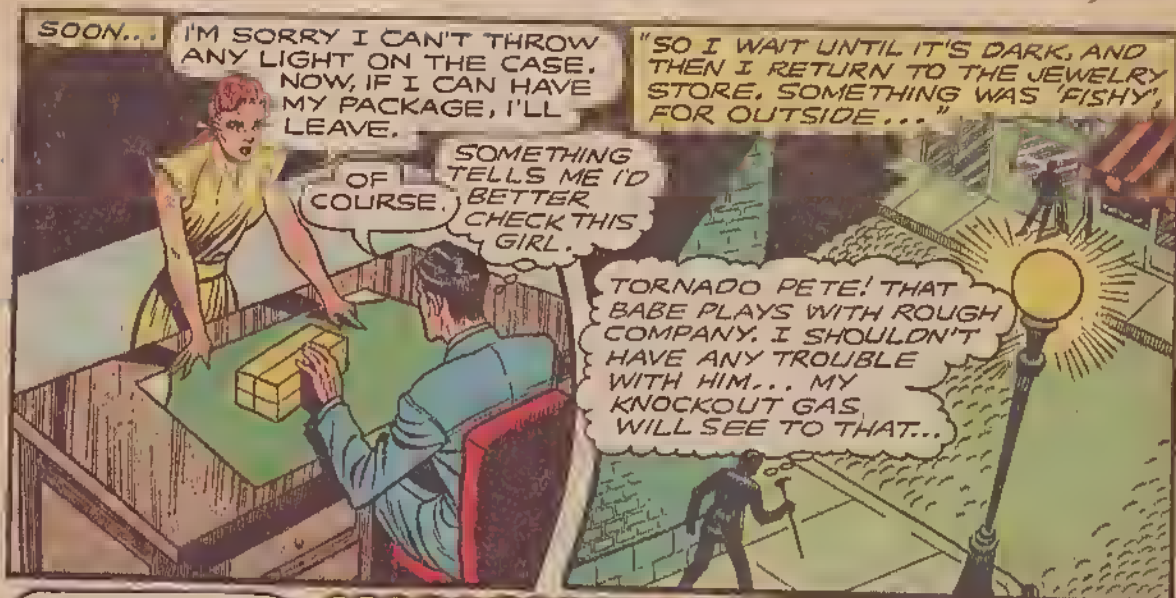
OKAY, ZX, I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU TO RETURN THAT PACKAGE TO THE OWNER.

"BUT LATER AT MY OFFICE, I OPENED THE BOX, AND GUESS WHAT?"

MISS DASH? I'VE RECOVERED YOUR AMETHYSTS. IF YOU DROP BY FOR A FEW QUESTIONS, AH, GOOD, SEE YOU SOON.

"DID I SAY ROUTINE CASE? HERE I AM ON THE JOB ONLY A FEW HOURS AND ALREADY TWO MEN ARE DEAD! WHY ALL THIS TROUBLE OVER A PACKAGE OF CHEAP AMETHYSTS? AND HOW DOES THIS LILI DASH FIT INTO THE PICTURE?"





SOON...

I'M SORRY I CAN'T THROW ANY LIGHT ON THE CASE. NOW, IF I CAN HAVE MY PACKAGE, I'LL LEAVE.

SOMETHING TELLS ME I'D BETTER CHECK THIS GIRL. OF COURSE.

"SO I WAIT UNTIL IT'S DARK, AND THEN I RETURN TO THE JEWELRY STORE. SOMETHING WAS 'FISHY' FOR OUTSIDE..."

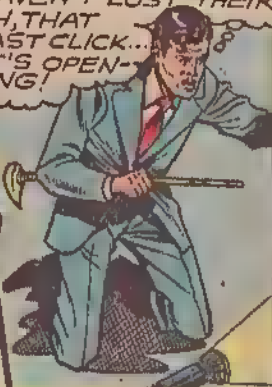
TORNADO PETE! THAT BABE PLAYS WITH ROUGH COMPANY. I SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH HIM... MY KNOCKOUT GAS WILL SEE TO THAT...

A WHIFF OF THIS WILL PARALYZE THAT TRIGGER FINGER, TORNADO. NOW TO GET INTO THE STORE.

"I WAS OVER THAT HURDLE EASILY ENOUGH, BUT COULD I HANDLE THE NEXT ONE?"

HMM... HOPE MY FINGERS HAVEN'T LOST THEIR TOUCH. AH, THAT LAST CLICK... IT'S OPENING!

AMETHYSTS! THOUSANDS OF THEM! I WONDER WHY SHE CLAIMED TO HAVE NONE? THIS CALLS FOR A VISIT TO LILI DASH.

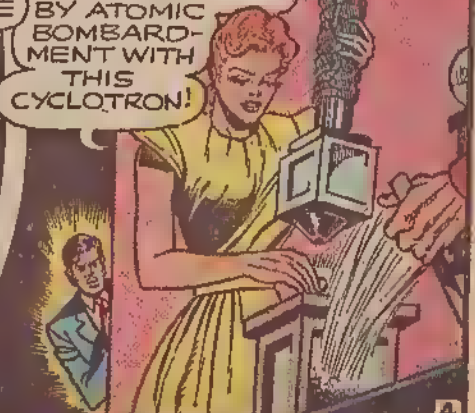
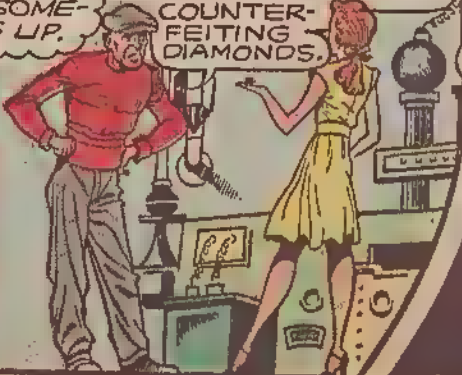


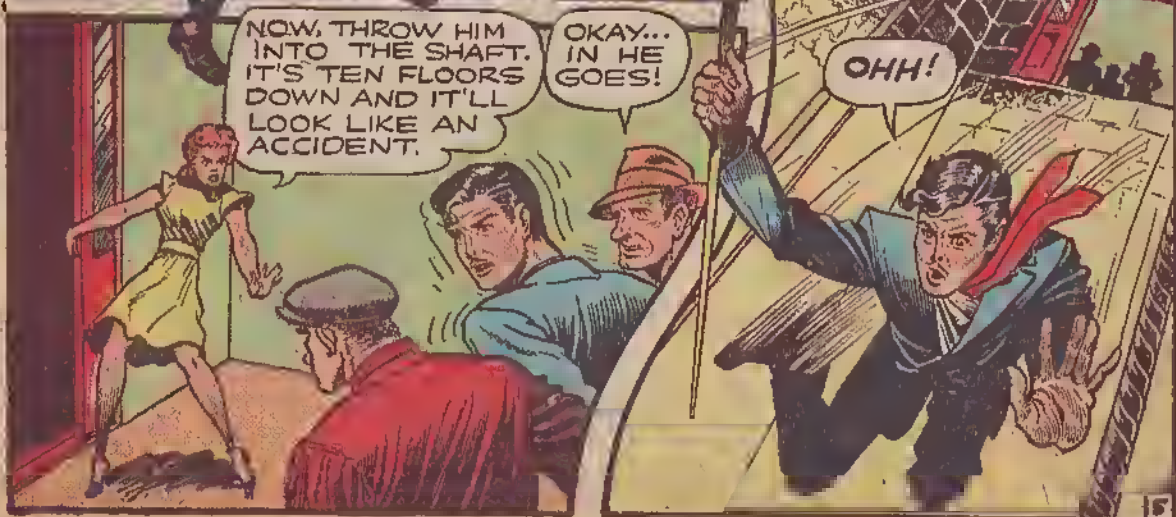
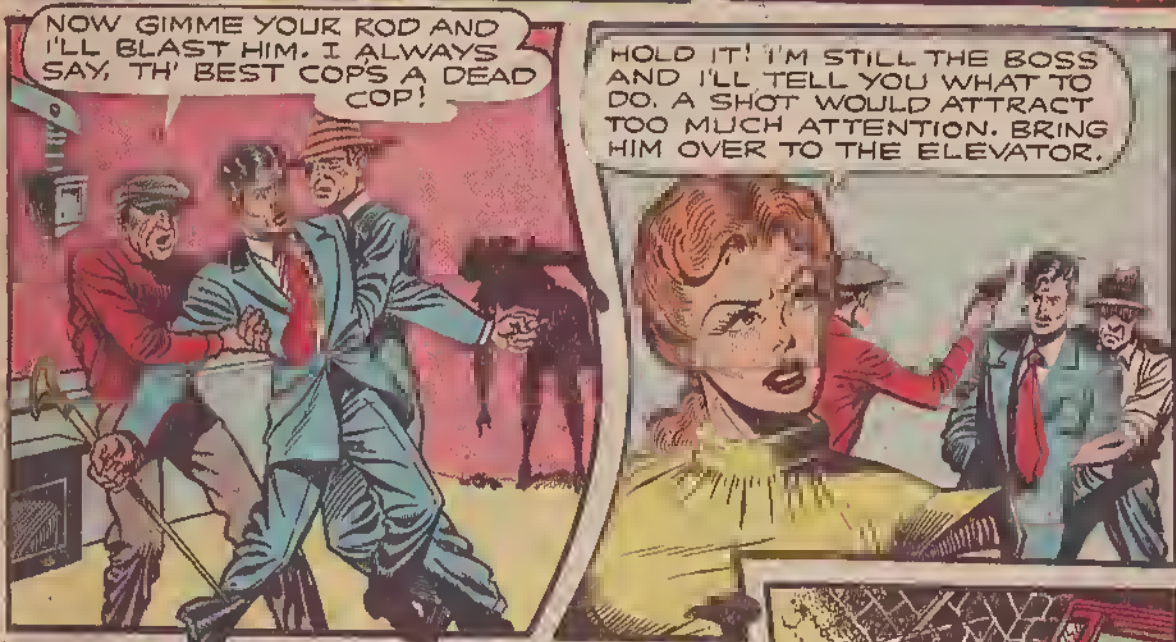
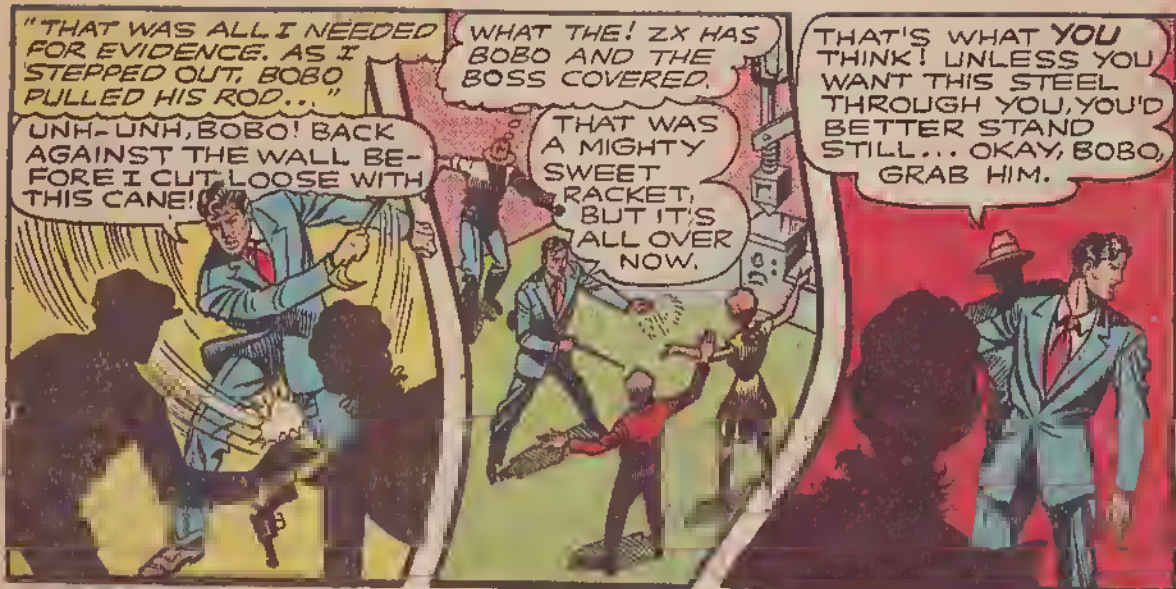
"LOCATING HER HOUSE WAS A CINCH. I GOT IN THROUGH THE FIRE ESCAPE AND HID BEHIND SOME DRAPES. WHAT I SAW FROM MY HIDING PLACE ALMOST KNOCKED ME FOR A LOOP."

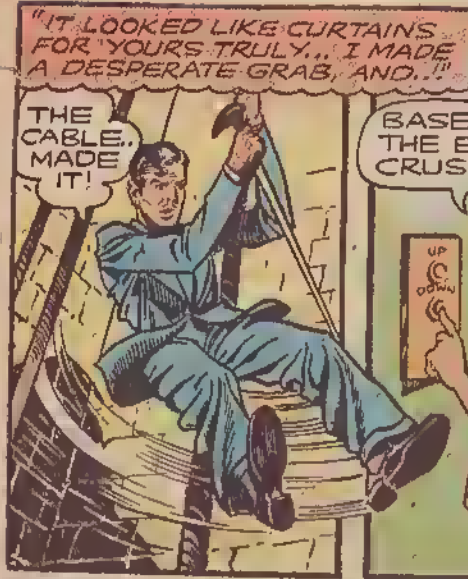
YEAH, THIS IS THE MODERN AGE, BOBO... CRIME GOES SCIENTIFIC. JUST THINK... WE'RE CHANGING AMETHYSTS INTO DIAMONDS BY ATOMIC BOMBARDMENT WITH THIS CYCLOTRON!

I'LL SET THE WIRE RECORDER... MAYBE I'LL PICK SOMETHING UP.

THAT'S A HOT ONE, LIL. ZX GIVING YOU BACK THE ROCKS. SURE IS DIFFERENT FROM THE OLD DAYS. IMAGINE COUNTERFEITING DIAMONDS.

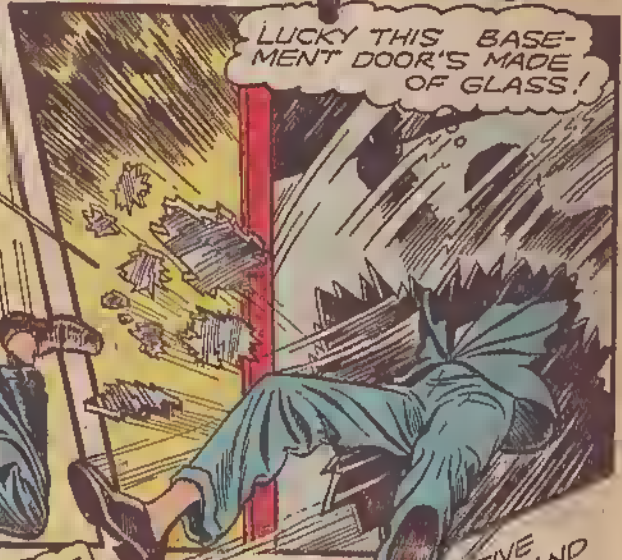
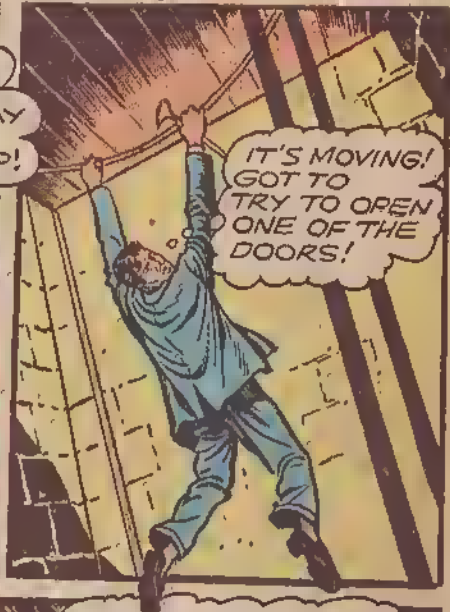
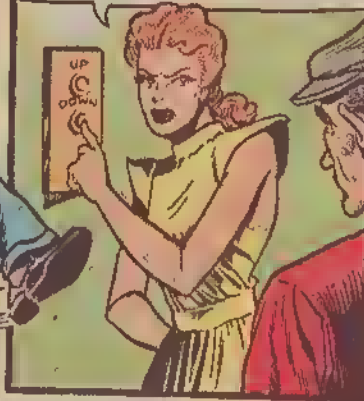






AS ABOVE...

C'MON... WE'LL LEAVE BY THE BASEMENT... THAT WAY THE ELEVATOR WILL CRUSH ZX TO A PULP!



"SO, WITH A FEW MINOR CUTS FROM THE FLYING GLASS, I STOOD TO ONE SIDE WITH MY CANE AIMED, AND AS LIL STEPPED FROM THE ELEVATOR..."

CAN'T BREATHE! GAS!

"LATER AT MY OFFICE..."

YOU MEAN LILI DASH WAS MANUFACTURING DIAMONDS?

YES, SHE FOUND THE FORMULA

FOR CHANGING SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES INTO SIMULATED DIAMONDS BY USING THE CYCLOTRON. AND NOW, ABOUT MY FEE...

"FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS ISN'T BAD FOR A FEW HOURS' WORK. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS FALL INTO AN ELEVATOR SHAFT, GET SHOT AT, AND HAVE SOME KILL-MAD BUGS WHERE NECK COLLAR ELSE SUCH EASY LIVING?"



ZX-5 IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

SHEENA AND THE FLAME OF RAZ

By W. MORGAN THOMAS

BOB came shuffling across the tree-hut floor to where Sheena stood rigid in the doorway. The reddish haze of late afternoon sunlight bathed her long golden hair in liquid fire, mirrored turquoise glints from her soft blue eyes, and ridged her usually smiling mouth with deep, shadowed lines. Her smooth sun-browned hands gripped tightly a fragment of ancient parchment.

"What is it, Sheena?" Bob's voice was tense.

Concern filled her eyes as they brushed swiftly over Bob's unruly black hair and the clean sweep of his strong, lean jaw. "It is not for you to know!" she blazed suddenly, and swept the mysterious looking parchment behind her.

Bob pounced and snatched the old parchment. "I've had enough of this cat and mouse business. If this concerns me, I want to know about it!"

Sheena saw his brown eyes open in horror as he looked at the stiff paper. The message was handwritten, in a manner some scrivener of old might have penned; and it was couched in a language form—long dead!

It said: "A prophecy has long awaited fulfillment at the Cave of Raz. The question of Sheena's mate. Wilt thou come? Yrann."

Bob looked up, gazed steadily at Sheena. "What is this—some joke?" he demanded.

Her head shook. "It is not a joke, Bob. It is true and serious. I never told you . . . but I met this—this person once, before, long ago."

Bob frowned. "Well, is it a person or isn't it?"

Sheena turned. "It is! Her name is Yrann. But I must trek swiftly to the cave and end the evil prophecy, once and for all!" She started to swing down the ladder.

With a single bound he was after her, following her down the ladder. Little Chim, inside the hut, squealed indignantly at being left behind. On the ground, Bob walked side by side with Sheena. "What is this crazy prophecy?"

Sheena stared straight ahead. "That one day Yrann, the Witch Queen, would claim the mate and the power of Sheena!"

"But, Sheena, surely you don't believe this

mumbo-jumbo of a crackpot? Why, I—"

Sheena cut in. "She is a strange woman, Bob, possessed of powers greater than even I have." She looked around at Bob. "She is evil. I must kill her!"

Twilight shadows gathered swiftly in deepening olive and purple pools, when finally they reached the forest edge. They halted and looked out over the vast and desolate plain that stretched in the gloomy distance to the tall mountain range rising like the backbone of some prehistoric monster. The snowcapped peaks still held the reddish-orange glow from the dying sun and below were the deep blue pockets of darkness, mystery. The sky overhead was a turquoise canopy studded with hard, brilliant gems. A breeze rustled through the tall plain grasses and for an instant cooled their hot faces.

Silently they started across the plain toward the range. A strange trembling ran through Sheena. Her brain was a turmoil. Could she go through with this? Her own powers were simple. The usual powers of struggle for existence and of aiding the forces of good. While the powers of Yrann were weird and dark—aiding the forces of evil.

Bob's cool voice broke her thoughts. "Here's a cave, Sheena."

Sheena saw the dark, gaping hole in the mountainside. Velvety blackness seemed to pour from it, like an evil liquid. "This is it," Sheena said in deeply awed tones. Something in that tone Bob had never heard before.

He gripped her smooth arm tightly. "Sheena," he choked, "Why did we come here? Let's go back—now!"

Sheena's head shook. "That I cannot do, Bob. This prophecy is serious. If it is not settled now—I lose you for good! Do you understand that?"

"Y-you mean her power is so great?"

A weary smile spread on the Jungle Queen's face. "Greater, Bob. This may well be the last time we see of or speak to each other." Sheena pulled away from him, swift as a panther. "Come. Follow me!" Her bronzed body dissolved into the inky blackness.

Bob followed. Then, alongside her he groped for her hand, found it, gripped it tight.

Sheena said: "One thing you must remem-

ber, Bob. Do not gaze directly into this woman's eyes. If you do, you are lost. Lost to me forever!"

It seemed hours that they stumbled along in the utter darkness. Then, suddenly, as they rounded a long curving bend, the walls seemed to glow . . . a strange purplish red. Sheena halted, and muttered: "Her Eyrie just ahead! Remember what I told you."

Bob groped his way after her, as if he were in some horrible nightmare. The reddish glow grew brighter—brighter with every step they took.

They came upon the opening suddenly. Light blazed out in multi-colored fingers which danced in eerie patterns on Sheena's glistening body. They were in a huge domed room, hollowed out of sheer mountain rock. A spearing fire blazed brightly in the center and the rock walls glowed like rubbed gold.

A few minutes passed, then a faintly musical voice floated sinuously up to Sheena's ears.

"Ah, 'tis Sheena! You have come." A pause, then: "But do come closer—closer to the flames . . . that I may see—"

Sheena moved closer to the blazing fire. Her own power seemed to ebb and drain from her, became smothered swiftly by some inexplicable force that must have been old when the world was new. She found her tongue. "Yea. I have come to settle for all time the evil prophecy!" Her voice sounded hollow, empty.

"Ah, yes," intoned the harp-like voice. "Your mate!"

Dimly, a form became outlined hazily behind the bright flames. Clearer, clearer it grew—till Sheena could see a face. A beautiful face. Dark eyes that flashed eternal fire. Sweeping gold curling hair, encircled with a halter of glistening diamonds. Delicate nose and mouth which might have been chiseled by a god. A brief purple veil clung to the glistening skin of her curved, long-limbed body, which shimmered like a rare translucent jade.

Sheena was speechless. The utter beauty stunned her senses, dizzied her reeling brain.

Again the voice, low, as if a baritone harp string had been gently plucked by soft white fingers. "Behold you both the flames! Brighter, brighter grow the flames—and dimmer, dimmer grow your minds. Darkness settles gently, gently like a soft caress. The plain, the Plain of Bairn—no longer are you in the mystic Cave of Raz . . . but standing, shuddering on the windswept Plain of Bairn . . ."

Vainly, Sheena tried to shake off the

lethargy. It was no use. The surroundings grew darker, ever darker, as if the fire had burned out. She raised her head slowly. She was standing on a vast plain. A round red ball hung in a black starless sky like a tear-drop of blood—it cast no light, save a ruddy orange glow. Ahead in the gloom, she could see the smiling Yrann beckoning to her. Sheena moved toward her—inexorably . . . as if the Witch Queen were a powerful magnet pulling. As Sheena drew close, the witch would fade, fade into her own shimmering greenish glow. Still Sheena followed. The fading stopped. Sheena drew close to Yrann, who stood on the edge of a yawning pit of blackness.

The voice: "Cast downward your eyes, O Sheena!"

Sheena looked down into the blackness. Hazily her eyes focused . . . she saw movement below. Then outlines. Horrid outlines! Skinless bodies that floated past her sight like an endless army. They seemed to be waving to her. Sheena drew back in haste, disgust.

"Sentinels to the gates of Death, Sheena. Your time has come. Leap! Leap!" drummed the Witch Queen's voice.

Dazedly Sheena whirled. Yrann was plunging toward her, swiftly, silently.

Suddenly Sheena knew! This was not real. Only an image this evil woman had created. And with this realization, Sheena sidestepped in a flash. Frantic fingers snatched her blade from her belt. It leaped and for a brief moment glinted in the evil glow. Then it plunged—plunged with a sickening crunch into the Witch Queen's chest. With a howl, she slumped back, her beauty twisted into a mask of hate. She staggered on the edge, then her shimmering body plunged into the gloomy blackness . . . her screams getting fainter, fainter . . .

Sheena gazed about dumbly. Again she was before the fire inside the cave.

The evil illusion was broken!

The Witch Queen was gone!

Bob was alongside her then. "Great Scott, Sheena, LOOK!"

At their feet was the body wrapped in the shimmery purple veil. The strung diamonds twinkled up at them eerily. Sheena's blade handle protruded from a soggy red stain in the white chest!

Sheena said: "Her power is broken for good—it was one of evil illusions brought about by her soft voice. Tomorrow we shall return here . . . and seal this cave forever!"

SKY GIRL

BY BILL GIBSON

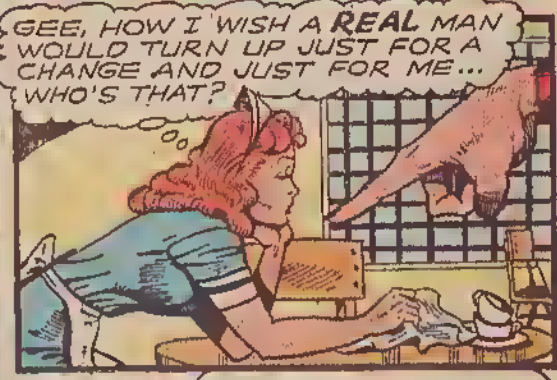
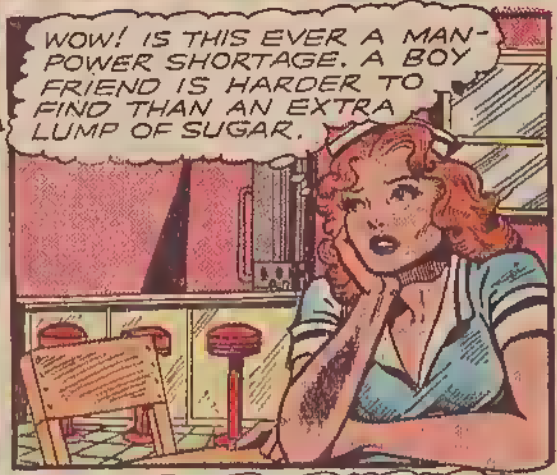
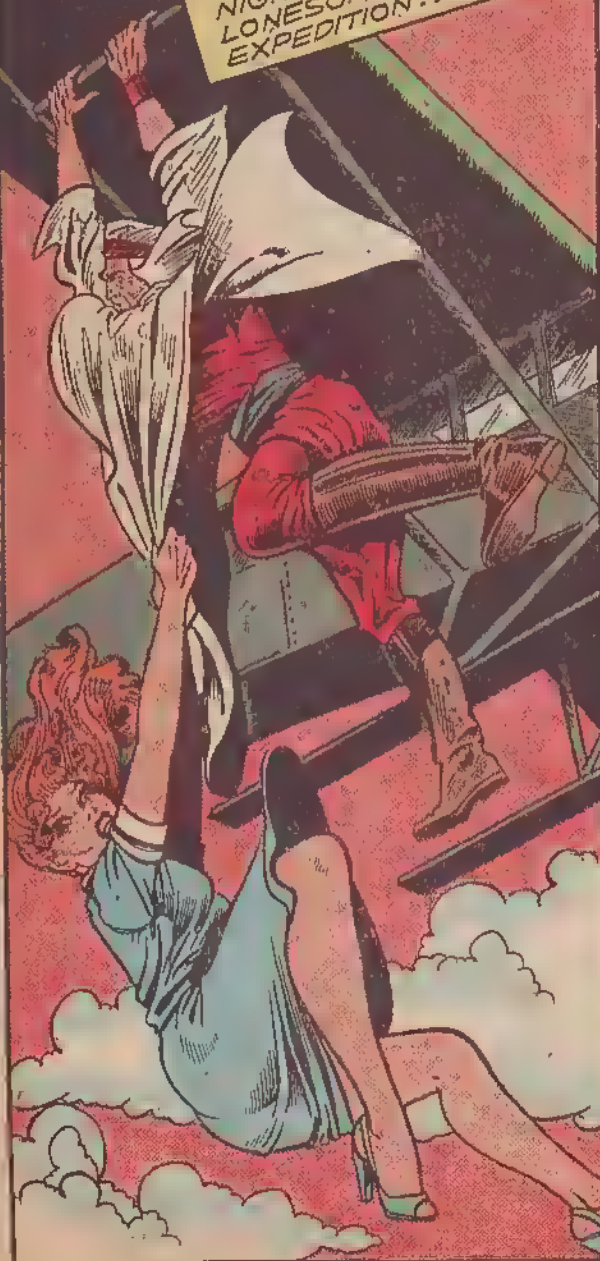
GINGE REALLY HAS TROUBLE. SATURDAY NIGHT AND SHE'S AS LONESOME AS A POLAR EXPEDITION...

WOW! IS THIS EVER A MAN-POWER SHORTAGE. A BOY FRIEND IS HARDER TO FIND THAN AN EXTRA LUMP OF SUGAR.

GEE, HOW I WISH A **REAL** MAN WOULD TURN UP JUST FOR A CHANGE AND JUST FOR ME... WHO'S THAT?

WHAT TH... A SHEIK... A REGULAR SHEIK, THE HAREM-SCAREM TYPE!

COFFEE, WOMAN. NO SUGAR, NO TALK.



YES, SIR; SAHIB, GOSH, YOU'RE ALL MAN...AND ALMOST A YARO WIDE. ER... HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING ON FOR TONIGHT?

YES, THE RADIO. SILENCE!

AND HERE'S A LATE NEWS BULLETIN. THE PLANE CARRYING U.N. DELEGATES HAS JUST CRASHED ON MOUNTAINOUS MOUNTAIN!

WEATHER CONDITIONS MAKE HOPE OF IMMEDIATE RESCUE IMPOSSIBLE! WE CONTINUE... CLICK!

I WILL GET TO THEM! COME, WOMAN, I NEED HELP!

NO, YOU DON'T, HONEY, YOU'RE DOING FINE. "HAIR" WE GO!

AS...

HEY, PIPE THIS. ABOUT, THE AWFUL... TRYING TO GET TO THOSE U.N. DELEGATES. WE GOTTA STOP HIM!

HA, TROUBLE! THE SWORO OF MY FATHERS MUST SPEAK!

HMM! THE BLADE OF HIS FATHERS SEEMS KINDA TONGUE-TIED, BUT MAYBE THE WRENCH OF OLE GINGE...

HA! GOT 'EM BOTH. TWO HEADS AREN'T BETTER THAN ONE... WEAPON. LET'S SCRAM!

YES. BUT DO NOT PRESUME TO GIVE ANY FURTHER ORDERS, WOMAN.

NOW JUST YOU RELAX. I'LL TURN ON THE CHARM AND THE RADIO. SAY, THERE'S THE TOWER.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

SHOOT. WE'RE ALL ANTENNAE.

CHECK. I'LL BE MEEK, SHEIK.

RETURN TO FIELD AT ONCE. YOU ARE FLYING INTERNATIONAL. CRIMINAL, ABDUL, THE AWFUL. OVER.

GOVERNMENT AGENTS, BUB.

EEK! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE WAS A SHARP CHARACTER. BUT MAYBE...

HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN COVER SOMETHING UP.

GOTTA GET TO THAT HATCH BEFORE HE HATCHES SOMETHING.

AWK! HE'S GONNA KILL ME...OR AT LEAST MAKE A STAB AT IT.

CAUGHT! I GUESS (GULP!) NOW YOU'RE REALLY GONNA GET TO THE POINT.

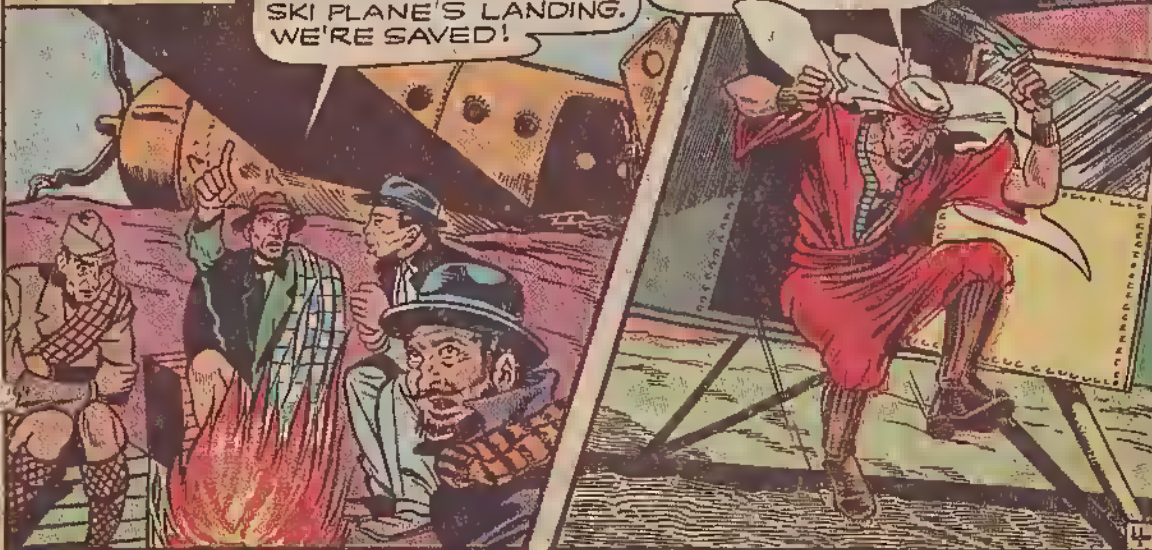
NOT YET. I MUST FIRST GET THOSE U.N. DELEGATES AND KILL YOU ALL TOGETHER.

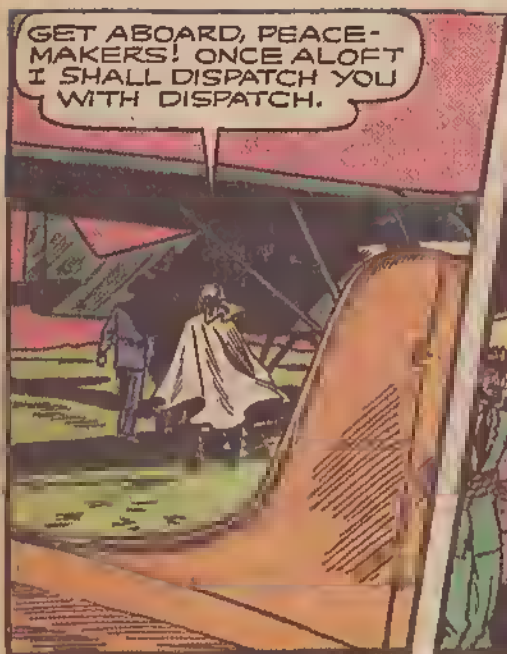
AND...

NO! I'M SAVED. YOU U.N. DOGS CANNOT RUIN MY MUNITION BUSINESS NOW.

AS BELOW...

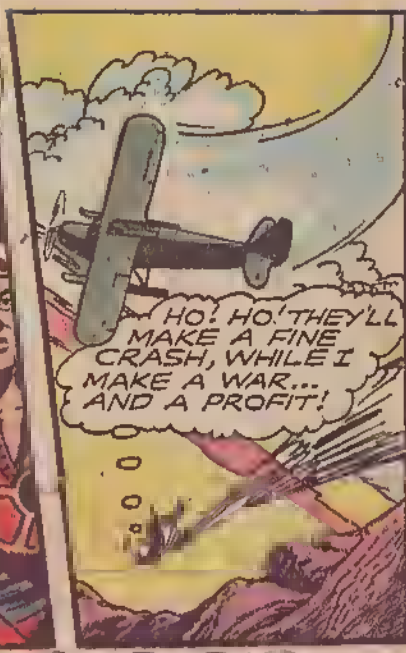
LOOK...LOOK...THAT SKI PLANE'S LANDING. WE'RE SAVED!



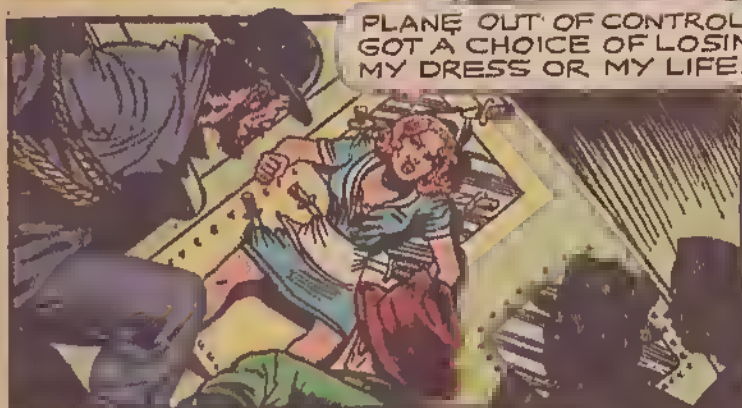


GET ABOARD, PEACE-MAKERS! ONCE ALOFT I SHALL DISPATCH YOU WITH DISPATCH.

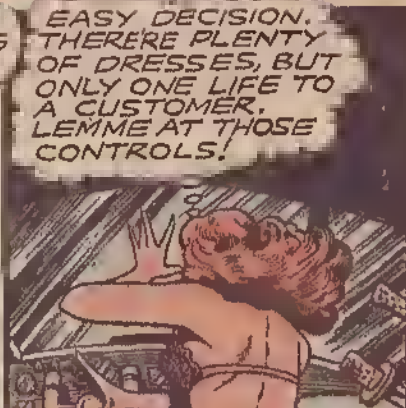
HMM... THIS SEEMS HIGH ENOUGH FOR MY LOW PURPOSE. SO...



HO! HO! THEY'LL MAKE A FINE CRASH, WHILE I MAKE A WAR... AND A PROFIT!



PLANE OUT OF CONTROL! GOT A CHOICE OF LOSING MY DRESS OR MY LIFE.



EASY DECISION. THERE'RE PLENTY OF DRESSES, BUT ONLY ONE LIFE TO A CUSTOMER. LEMME AT THOSE CONTROLS!



GOT 'EM! AND NOW TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT UNDOING ABDUL.



AND I'VE GOT JUST THE PLAN... AND PLANE... FOR IT.

DON'T! DON'T! YOU!



BY THE BEARD
OF THE PROPHET,
I'M CAUGHT BY
THE SEAT OF
THE PANTS!

JUST TAKE IT
SKI-SY, ABDUL.
I'VE GOT SOME
GOOD NOOSE
FOR YOU.

OKAY, FELLAS,
HERE'S THAT SON
OF THE DESERT. I
GOTTA LAND THIS
CRATE.

BOY, WAS THIS
A FULL AFTER-
NOON, AND...EEK!
EMPTY TANK.

CHINS UP,
GUYS, THE
NOSE IS
DOWN.

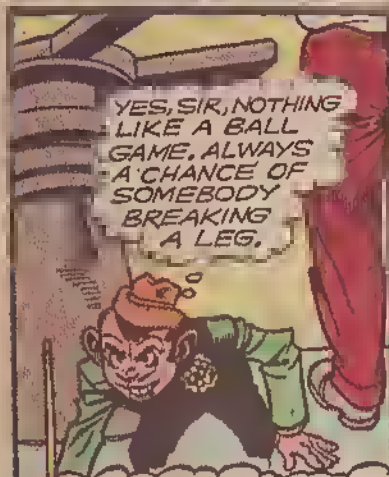
MADE...(OOF!)
IT. WHAT ARE
YOU BOYS DOING
TONIGHT, BESIDES
BREATHING?

THIS IS TOO MUCH. HOW'S A
GAL GONNA GET A DATE
WHEN SHE HAS TO
COMPETE WITH THE
EMERGENCY WARD?

SKY GIRL IN EVERY ISSUE OF
JUMBO COMICS

Hateful HERMAN

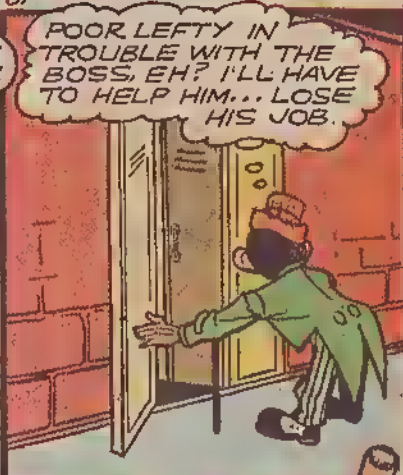
By DONALD SHAW



YES, SIR, NOTHING LIKE A BALL GAME, ALWAYS A CHANCE OF SOMEBODY BREAKING A LEG.



LISTEN, LEFTY, EITHER YOU START HITTING THE WAY I WANT, OR TURN YOUR UNIFORM IN!



POOR LEFTY IN TROUBLE WITH THE BOSS, EH? I'LL HAVE TO HELP HIM... LOSE HIS JOB.



SOON AS I OPEN THE STITCHES AND INSERT THIS BUCKSHOT, I'LL GIVE OLE LEFTY THE HORSEHIDE LAUGH.



HEH! HEH! AFTER HE TRIES TO HIT THIS ONE, THEY'LL SEND HIM SO FAR BACK TO THE BUSHES, IT'LL TAKE A SAFARI TO FIND HIM.



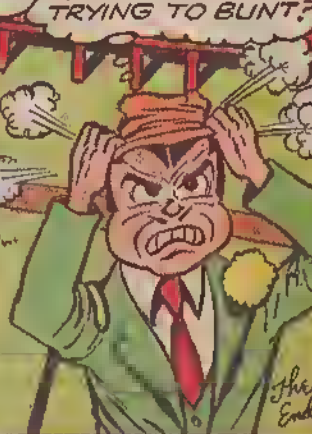
AND RAISES MY BLOOD PRESSURE FIFTY PERCENT. HOW DID I (GRR!) KNOW HE WAS TRYING TO BUNT?



AT LAST! AT LAST! YOU'VE LEARNED HOW TO BUNT! THAT WAS A BEAUTY!



GOOD STUFF, LEFTY. THAT BUNT RAISES YOU TEN PERCENT.



The End

Stuart TAYLOR in WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

BY CURT DAVIS

A VICIOUS RAMPAGE OF CRIME WAS SPREADING THROUGHOUT CENTRAL CITY, AND DOCTOR HAYWARD WAS RAPIDLY LOSING HIS HAIR FROM WORRY... AND SO...



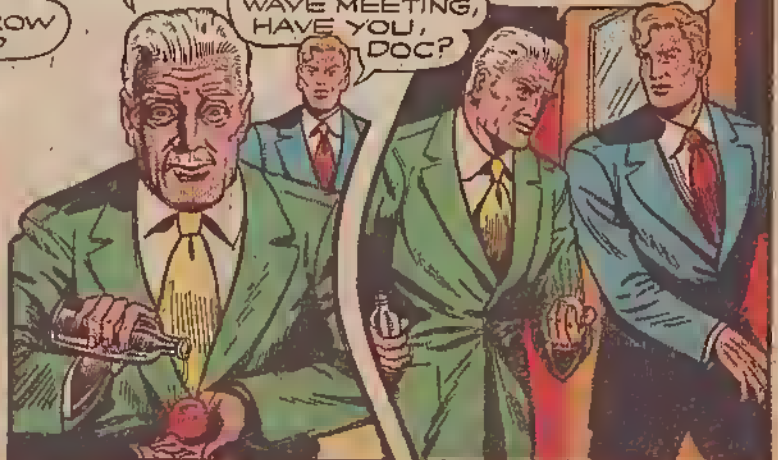
MY HAIR NEEDS A BIT OF A TONIC. I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD RECOMMEND...

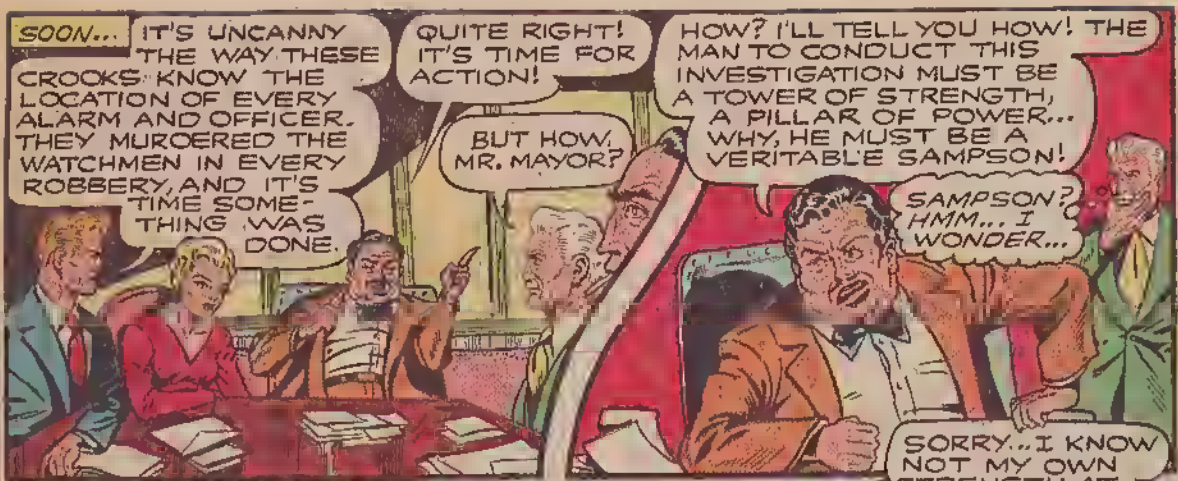
GOOD HEAVENS, YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE... W-WHY, YOU'RE RIGHT... HAIR IS GROWING!

SO I HAD, FOR THE MOMENT! BUT COME, STU, I'M MOST ANXIOUS TO HEAR WHAT THE MAYOR HAS TO SAY.

WHY, CERTAINLY, DOCTOR HAYWARD. THIS IS GUARANTEED TO GROW HAIR ON A BILLIARD BALL.

HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THE CRIME WAVE MEETING, HAVE YOU, DOC?





SOON... IT'S UNCANNY THE WAY THESE CROOKS KNOW THE LOCATION OF EVERY ALARM AND OFFICER. THEY MUROERED THE WATCHMEN IN EVERY ROBBERY, AND IT'S TIME SOME-THING WAS DONE.

QUITE RIGHT! IT'S TIME FOR ACTION!

BUT HOW, MR. MAYOR?

HOW? I'LL TELL YOU HOW! THE MAN TO CONDUCT THIS INVESTIGATION MUST BE A TOWER OF STRENGTH, A PILLAR OF POWER... WHY, HE MUST BE A VERITABLE SAMPSON!

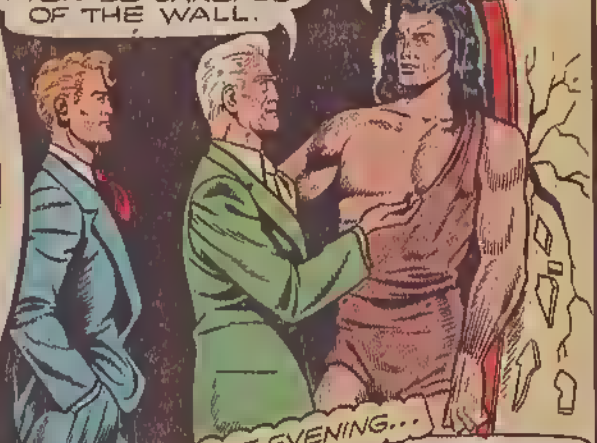
SAMPSON? HMM... I WONDER...

SORRY... I KNOW NOT MY OWN STRENGTH AT TIMES... BUT, I WILL GLAOLY HELP FOR JUSTICE.

WHY NOT GET THE REAL SAMPSON? MY TIME MACHINE SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW, SAMPSON, BUT WE NEED YOUR AID TO COMBAT EVIL. BETTER BE CAREFUL OF THE WALL.

A MINUTE AGO I WAS TALKING TO DELILAH, AND NOW THIS STRANGE LAND.



EXCELLENT. YOU'LL STAY AT MY HOUSE, AND I DARE SAY A CROOK WILL THINK TWICE WITH YOU AROUND.

LATER...

WELL, MASTERMIND, YOU ASKED FOR SAMPSON AND NOW YOU'VE GOT HIM. I GUESS THIS CHANGES OUR PLANS, EH?

THAT EVENING... IRONIC, ISN'T IT? THE FACT THAT I'M MAYOR GETS ME INTO THE BANKS, YET MEANS I MUST KILL THE WATCHMEN!

NOW THAT EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL, WE CAN LEAVE.

AHEM, YES.

NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR. WE

STILL ROB THE BANK TONIGHT!

CAN THE CHATTER. THIS RABBIT WANTS TO GET AT THE LETTUCE INSIOE THIS SARDINE CAN!



FIRST NATIONAL BANK

WHILE...

MY, WHAT BIG MUSCLES, SAMPSON. I'LL BET YOU WERE QUITE A LAOIES' MAN IN YOUR OWN TIME.

HMM... HE SEEMS TO BE DOING ALL RIGHT IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY... HERE COMES DOC AND HE LOOKS EXCITED.

WHAT'S UP?

I'M NOT TOO SURE, BUT THERE MAY BE TROUBLE AT THE BANK! LAURA, PHONE THE POLICE... YOU TWO COME WITH ME. HURRY!

I WAS PASSING THE BANK AND NOTICED THE SHADES WERE DRAWN.

THIS IS PROBABLY THE BREAK WE'RE WAITING FOR. C'MON!

SWIFT MINUTES LATER...

WELL, BOSS, HERE COME THE THREE ROVER BOYS. WHAT NOW?

LOOK... IT'S THE MAYOR WHO'S THE CROOK... AND WE'VE NABBED HIM WITH THE EVIDENCE!

NOT QUITE. THIS KNOCK-OUT GAS WILL SHOW YOU WHY!

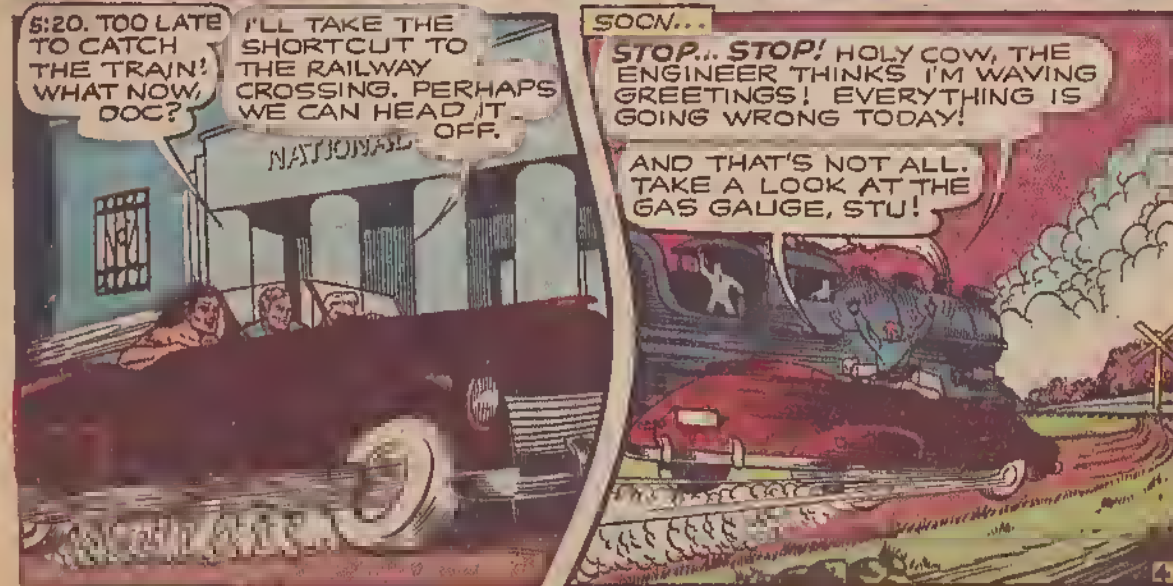
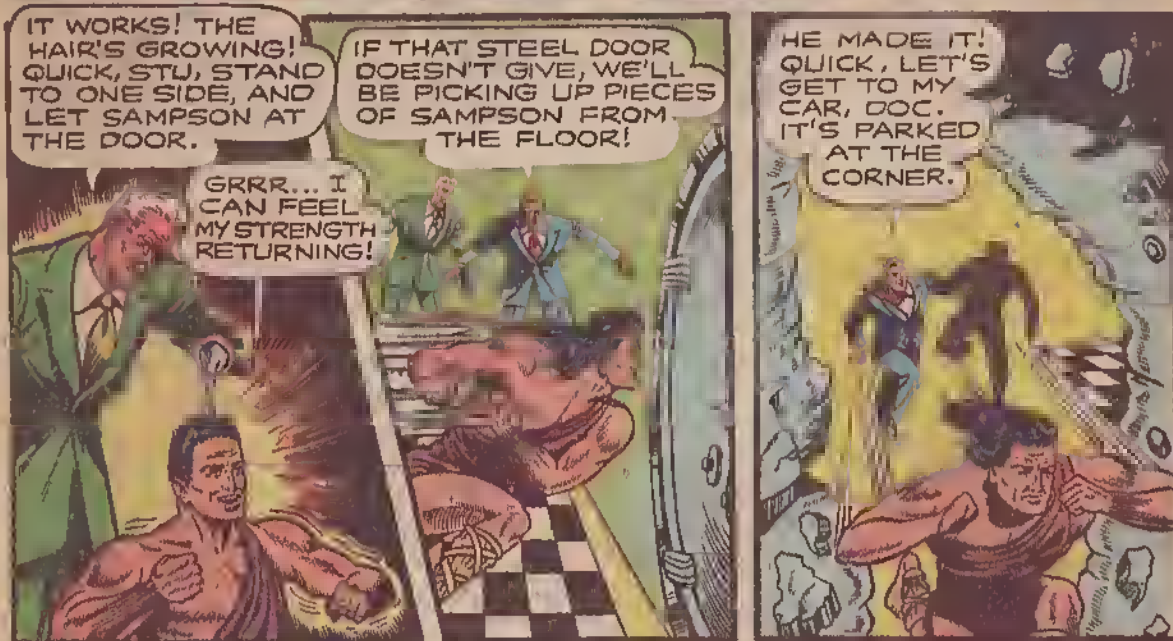
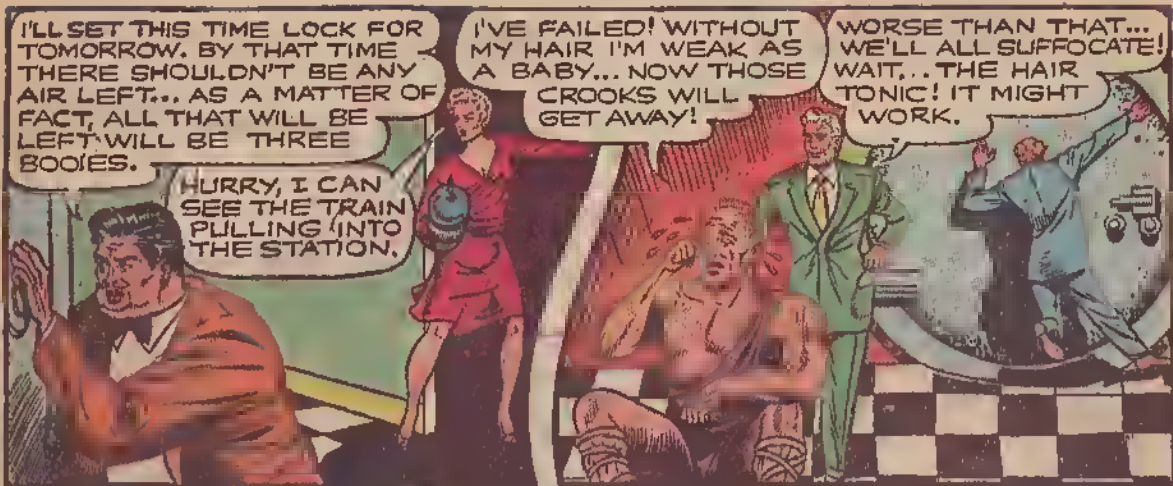
OHH! C CAN'T B-BREATHE!

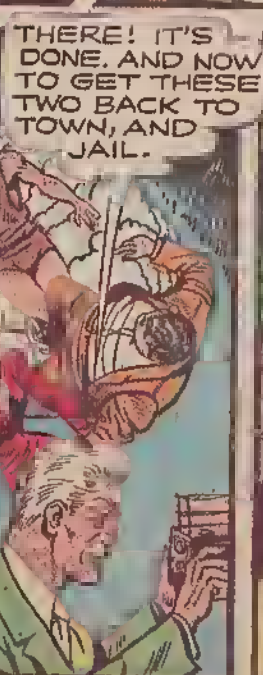
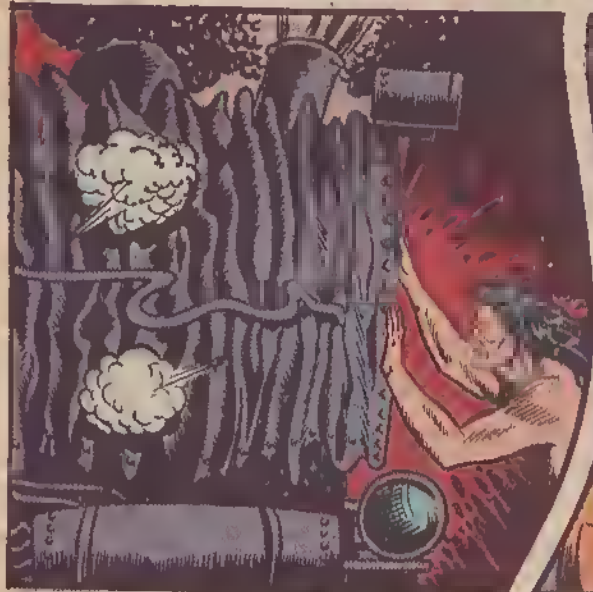
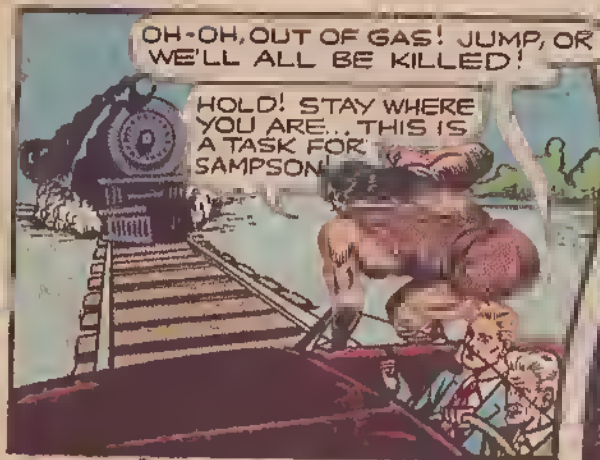
LUCKY I REMEMBERED SAMPSON'S STRENGTH WAS IN HIS HAIR. ARE YOU FINISHED. YET?

ALMOST... THIS IS WHAT'S CALLED SHAVING THE DAY... OKAY, LET'S GO!

OUT OF MY WAY, GARGANTUA, BEFORE I GET MAD AND HIT YOU.

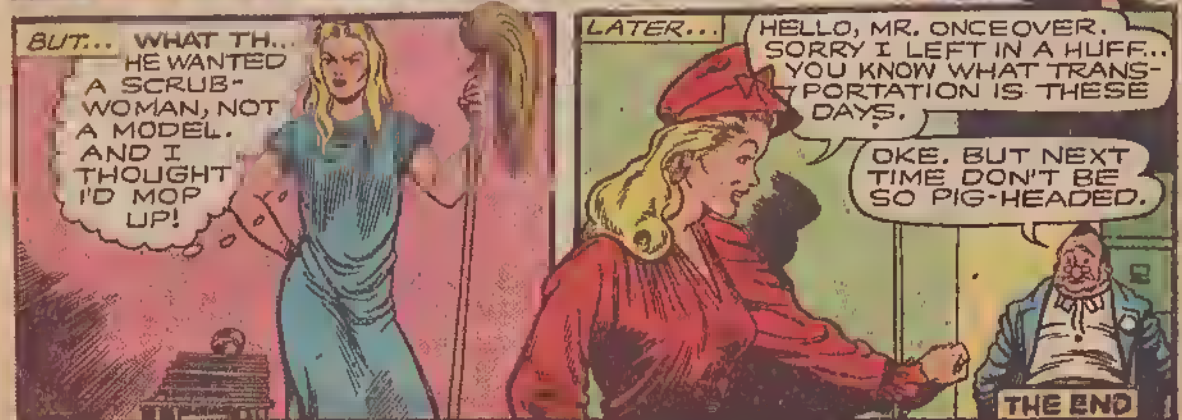
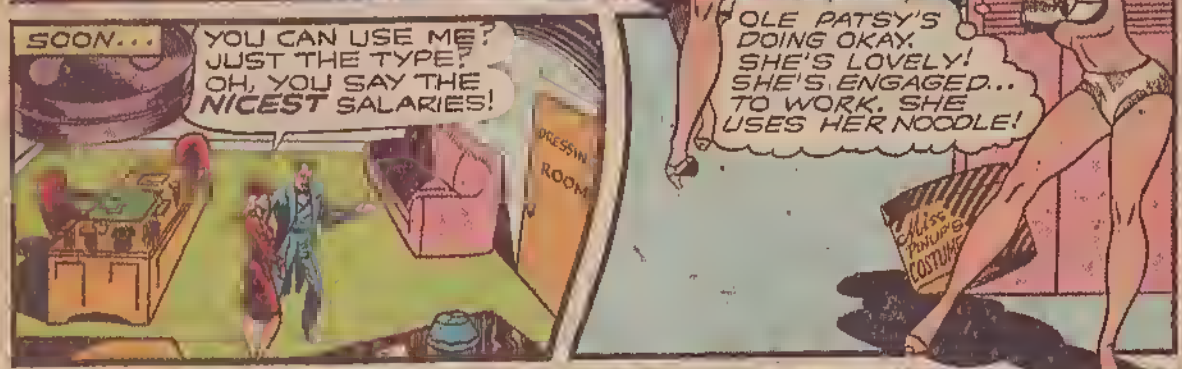
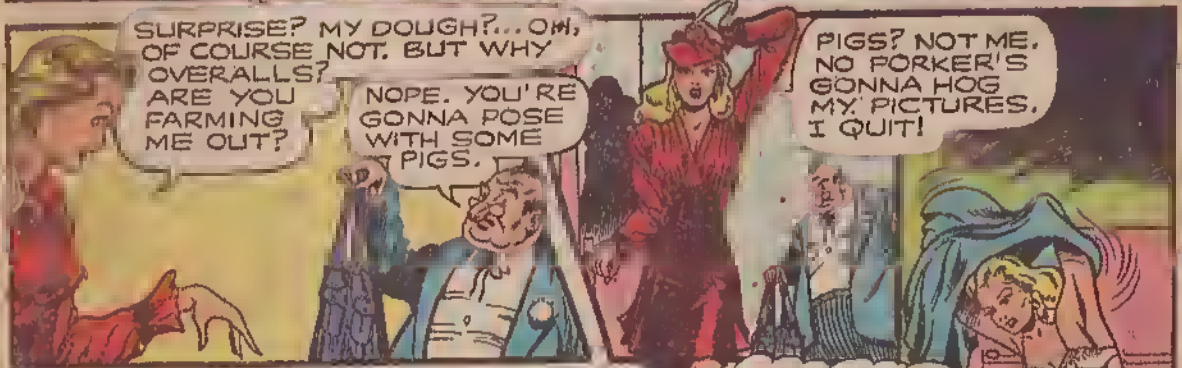
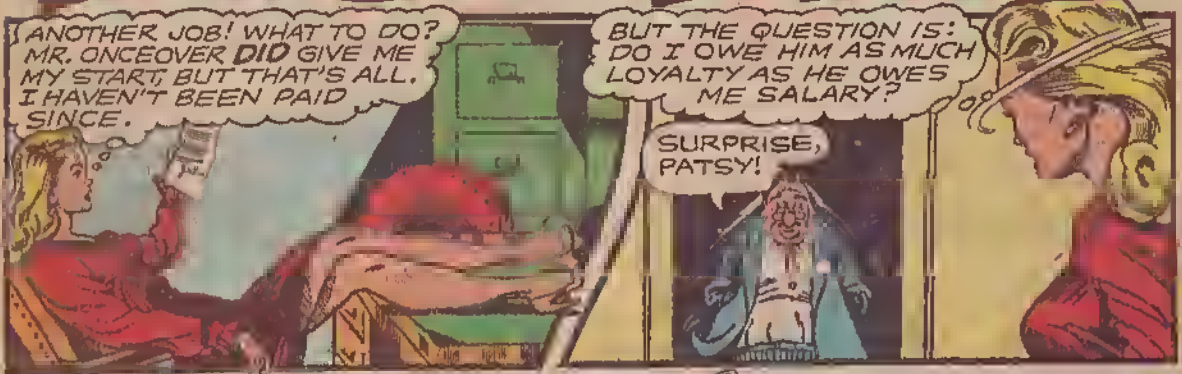
C'MON, WE GOTTA MAKE THE 5:15 OUT OF TOWN. BUT WHAT ABOUT THESE BOYS?





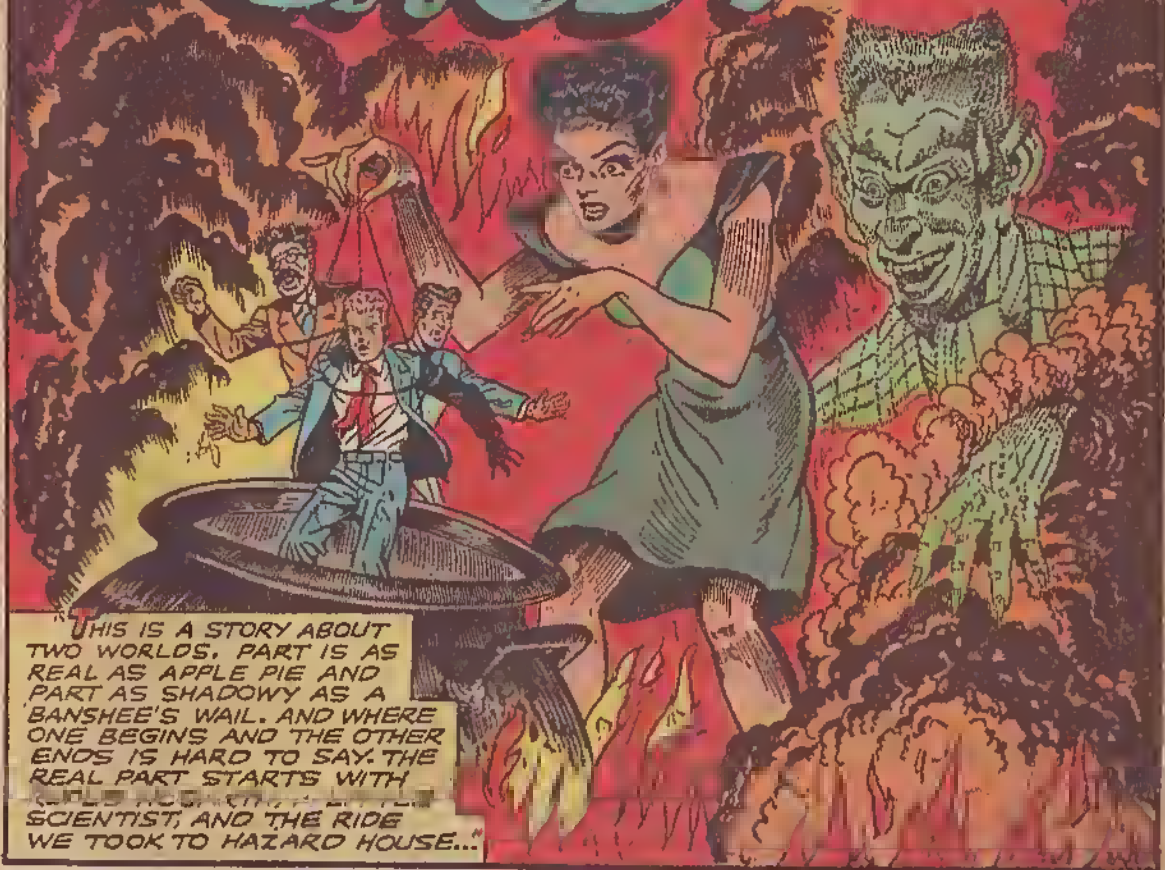
PATSY PINUP

BY
WANDA
GRAHAM



THE GHOST

BY DREW
MURDOCH



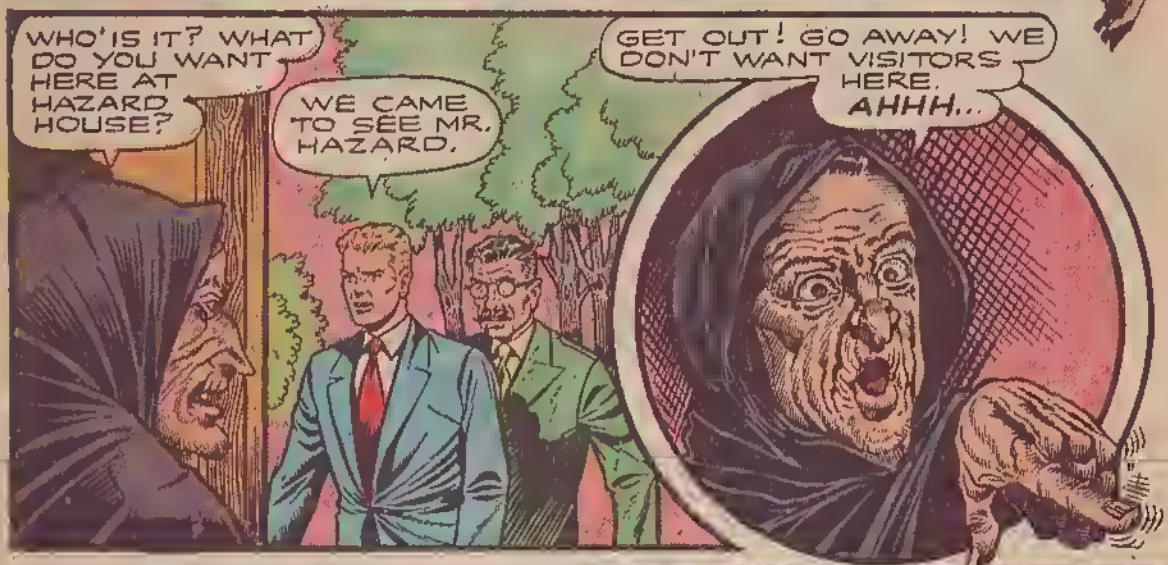
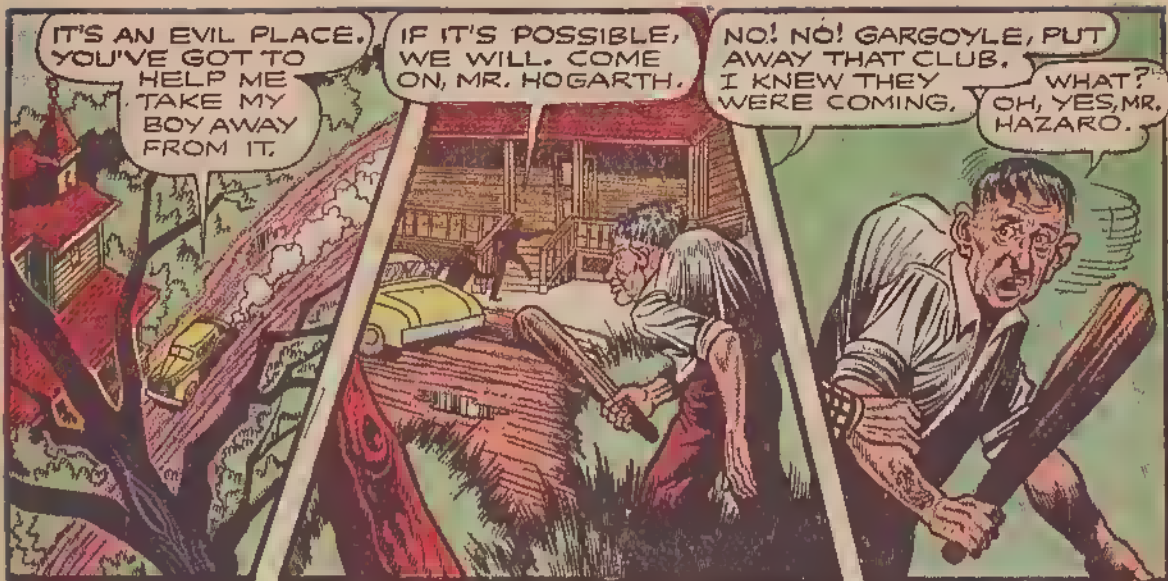
"THIS IS A STORY ABOUT TWO WORLDS. PART IS AS REAL AS APPLE PIE AND PART AS SHADOWY AS A BANSHEE'S WAIL. AND WHERE ONE BEGINS AND THE OTHER ENDS IS HARD TO SAY. THE REAL PART STARTS WITH ~~MR. HOGARTH~~ SCIENTIST, AND THE RIDE WE TOOK TO HAZARD HOUSE..."

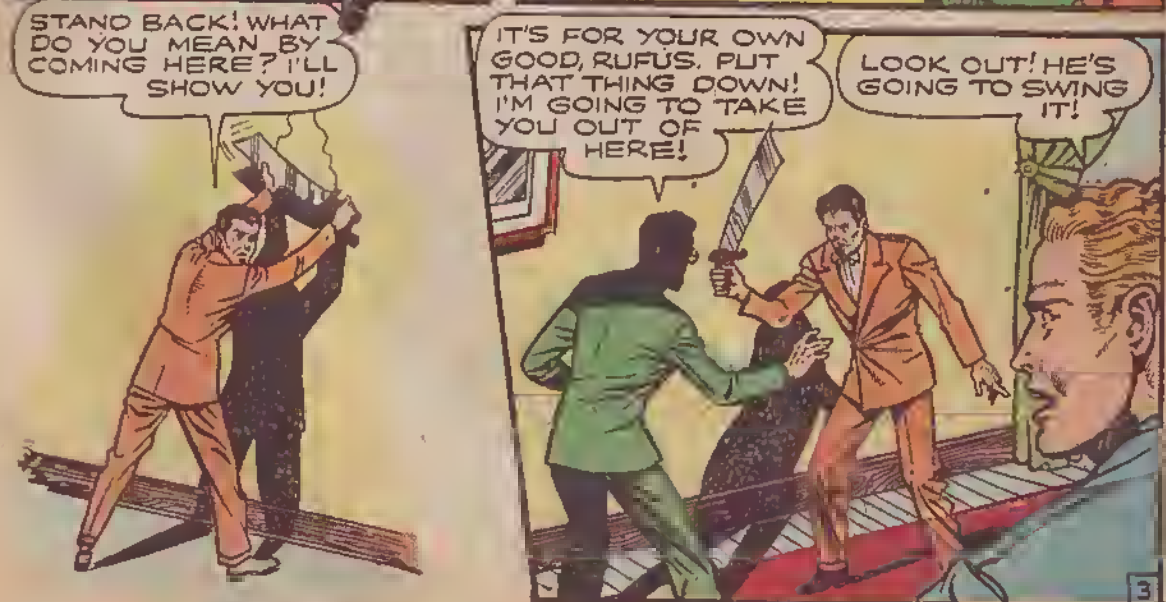
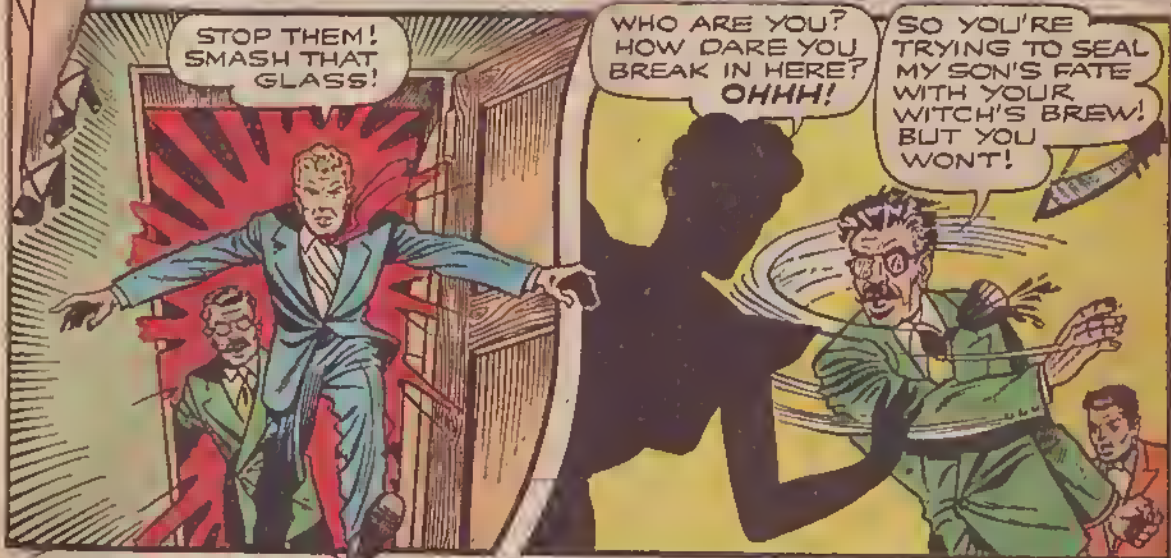
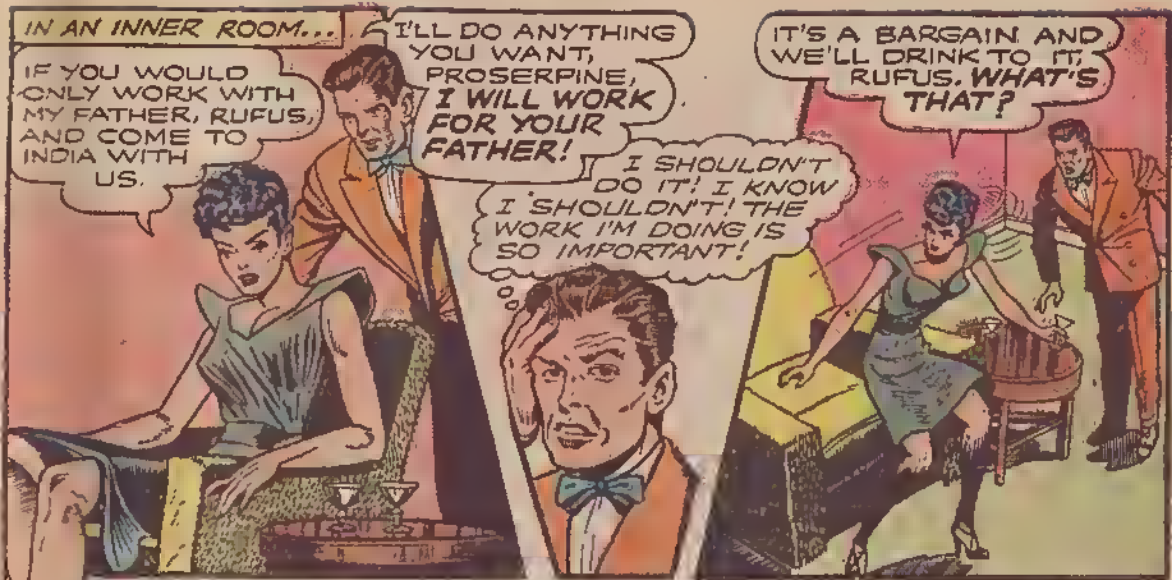
THEN IT ISN'T KIDNAPPING, MR. HOGARTH. YOUR SON WENT THERE OF HIS OWN FREE WILL?

YES, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL HOLDING HIM THERE NOW. THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU.

I TELL YOU, MR. MURDOCH, THERE'S A SMELL OF HELL ABOUT THIS MR. HAZARD. AND THAT DAUGHTER OF HIS IS SIN INCARNATE. BUT WAIT, HERE'S THE HOUSE.







HE'S HYPNOTIZED!
PERHAPS THIS CHAIR...
AH, THAT DID IT!
WHAT!

AGHHH...

FATHER! THAT GIRL!
WHAT HAPPENED?

AN ACCIDENT...
STAND BACK!
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF HER.

BUT WHO IS SHE... AND
WHERE ARE WE? I
DON'T UNDERSTAND!

WE'LL EXPLAIN THAT LATER.
QUICK, GIVE ME A HAND.
WE'VE GOT TO GET HER
TO A HOSPITAL!

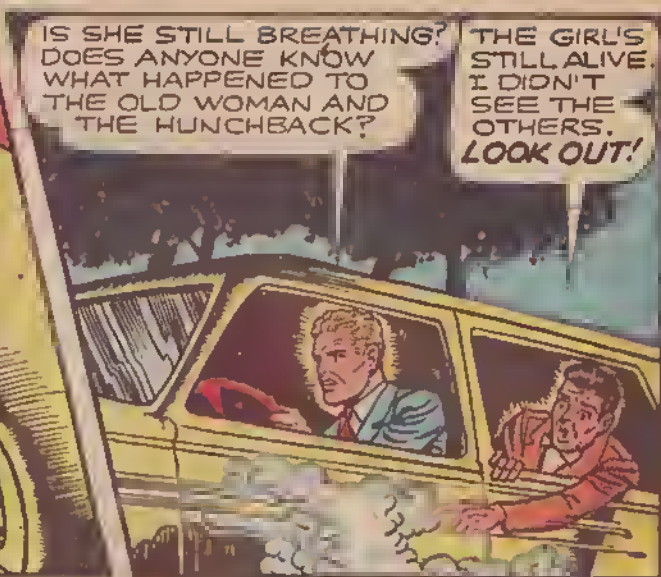
AH, THEY'RE LEAVING.
EVERYTHING WORKING
ON SCHEDULE, JUST
AS IT ALWAYS DOES
WHEN I PLAN IT.
**GARGOYLE, COME
HERE!**

GET THE FIRE
TRUCK. AND HURRY!
WE'RE
RIDING!

RIGHT
AWAY, MR.
HAZARD.

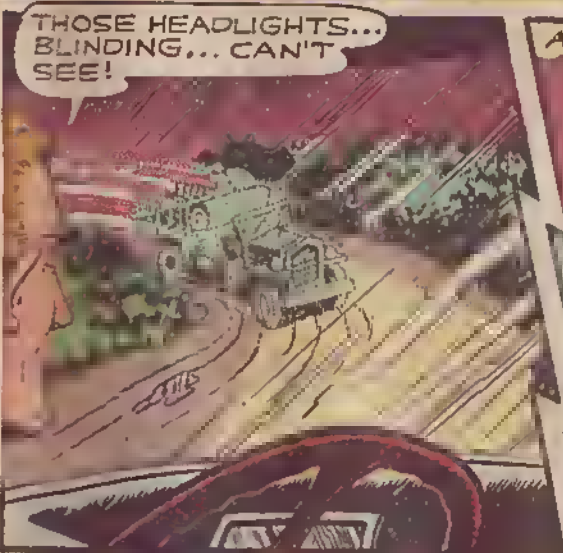


GET IN THERE WITH YOUR FATHER AND KEEP HER QUIET. IT'LL TAKE US ABOUT TEN MINUTES TO GET TO THE HOSPITAL.



IS SHE STILL BREATHING? DOES ANYONE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OLD WOMAN AND THE HUNCHBACK?

THE GIRL'S STILL ALIVE. I DIDN'T SEE THE OTHERS. LOOK OUT!



THOSE HEADLIGHTS... BLINDING... CAN'T SEE!



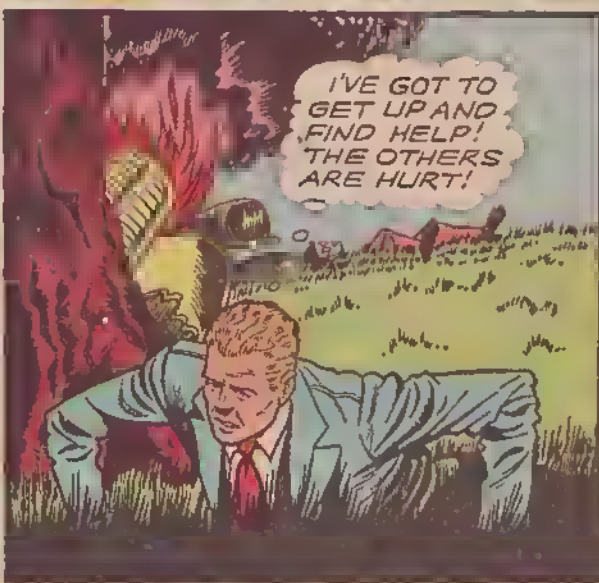
AS...

FASTER, GARGOYLE, STEER STRAIGHT FOR THEM. GO FASTER!

YES, MR. HAZARD. JUST AS YOU SAY.



INSTANTLY...



I'VE GOT TO GET UP AND FIND HELP! THE OTHERS ARE HURT!

"HOW MUCH OF THAT WAS REALITY, I DO NOT KNOW, NOR CAN I SAY WHAT I CALL THE REST OF IT, FOR SUDDENLY..

...THE PROFESSOR AND HIS SON WERE THERE BESIDE ME. THEN I HEARD A STRANGE VOICE SPEAKING!!



YOU MAY SHOW THESE GENTLEMEN INTO MY OFFICE NOW, GARGOYLE.



STEP THIS WAY, PLEASE. MR. HAZARD WILL SEE YOU NOW.



AH, WELCOME TO THE ABYSS, FRIENDS. MISS MYTH, BRING THE LEDGER.



YES, SIR. I HAVE IT HERE, READY TO BE SIGNED, MR. HAZARD.



BUT THAT'S MISS PROSERPINE! SHE WAS STABBED... BLEEDING! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

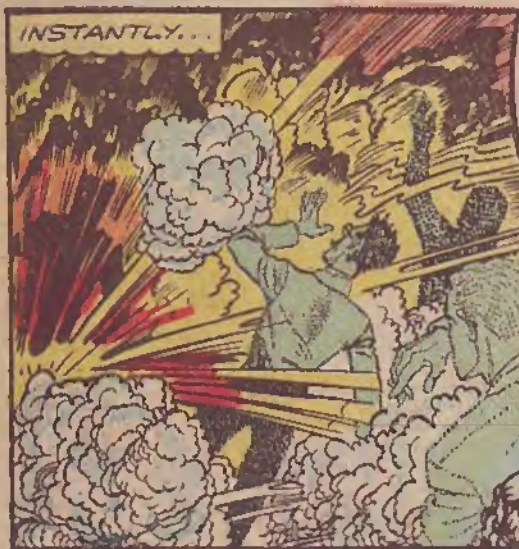
AND YOU NEVER WILL! NOW I WANT THE SIGNATURE OF RUFUS HOGARTH ON MY LEDGER. AND ONCE IT'S THERE, THE REST OF YOU CAN LEAVE. THAT'S THE BARGAIN I MAKE WITH YOU.





OUT OF MY WAY, MURDOCH,
I'LL SIGN! I'M RUFUS HOGARTH!
IT'S MY CHRISTIAN NAME!

YOU TRICKED ME! IT WAS YOUR SON I
WANTED, NOT YOU! BUT YOU'LL PAY!
NOW YOU'LL
TAKE YOUR
PLACE
WITH THE
DAMNED!
AWAY!



YOU'RE TWO LUCKY
GENTS TO BE ALIVE.
WHEN YOU HIT THAT
TREE YOU WERE
DOING BETTER
THAN EIGHTY!



WHERE'S DAD? WHAT
HAPPENED TO HIM?

YES, AND THE
GIRL, TOO. WE
WERE TAKING
HER TO THE
HOSPITAL!



YOU'RE NUTS, BROTHER,
WHEN YOU PASSED ME
ON THE ROAD, YOU TWO
WERE ALONE IN THE
CAR!



"AND NO ONE
EVER LAID
EYES ON
RUFUS HOGARTH,
SENIOR, AGAIN.
SO I PRAY
THAT WHAT I
SAW WAS ONLY
A FANTASTIC
DREAM AND
THAT SOMEHOW
HE ESCAPED
AND
NEVER JOINED
MR. HAZARD'S
LEGION OF THE
DAMNED IN
THE DEPTHS
OF HIS BLACK
ABYSS." *Drew
Murdoch*

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